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Harriet A. Lee

Harriette Carr.

MYRTIS,

WITH OTHER

ETCHINGS AND SKETCHINGS.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1855.

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TO

GEORGE GRIFFIN, ESQ., LL.D.,

A FRIEND TO THE LITERATURE OF HIS COUNTRY,
AS WELL AS AN ELOQUENT SUPPORTER
OF HER LAWS,

This Volume is Dedicated,

WITH THE GRATITUDE AND RESPECT OF

ITS AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

My publishers, whose judgment I hold in high regard, indicate that there should be a Preface. It might not be entirely courteous to the reader to omit it. So, as I have great respect for my readers also, there shall surely be a Preface. Yet, as I have little to say, I trust to be excused if I say little, and if that little should not be remarkable.

Portions of this volume, in other forms, the public have already seen. Still, I flatter myself, they may not be wholly unworthy of another interview; since it is a poor face that will not bear twice looking at. With other parts, it is not possible they should be acquainted, as I have been but recently introduced myself. But I am doubtful whether the new will be found better than the old. And as housekeepers are wont to apologize for presenting the same dish

more than once, I wish my apology to comprehend all that may appear at this time upon my table, like young Franklin, who advised his father to "say grace over the whole cask."

Maternal love is deemed neither idle nor unwise, if it tell stories when graver thought has wearied. To passionate or high-wrought fiction, mine have no pretension. It can be simply said that their elements are truthful, and their tendency salutary. Should they be so fortunate as to deepen any of those sympathies that swell the great tide of human happiness, and hope, the writer will never regret that "to point a moral, she has adorned a tale."

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., July 4th, 1846.

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MYRTIS.

"Lo! darkest hours wring forth the hidden might
That hath lain bedded in the secret soul,
A treasure all undream'd of: as the night
Calls forth the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day."

MRS. HEMANS.

MYRTIS.

TWILIGHT gathered heavily over the city of the Cæsars. Lights began here and there to glimmer from the patrician palaces, and along the banks of the Tiber. Rome, which Augustus boasted to have left built of marble, had lost none of its magnificence under Adrian and the Antonines. Effeminacy and corruption were sapping the foundations of the empire, though the virtue of the last of the Antonines still arrested or disguised the presages of its doom.

In the gorgeous apartment of a palace a woman was seated, evidently of high rank, and surrounded by the appliances of luxury. Her arm rested on a small, oval table, richly inlaid with ivory and gold, while her jeweled hand partly shaded her features, as if to conceal some emotion, in which Roman pride contended with woman's nature.

Her eye was intently fixed on a young man who stood near her, arrayed as if for a journey. The folds of the toga fell gracefully around his lofty form, and his noble countenance was marked by thought even to sadness. He appeared to wait her words, which at length were slowly uttered.

"Go, then, my son, since the gods and the emperor have thus willed it. Would that this trial might have

been spared my widowed heart. Yet go, for the hour of thy departure hath come."

The young Roman knelt at her feet, and pressed her hands to his lips. His voice was scarcely audible as he besought her blessing.

"The gods of thy fathers will not forget thee. My vows shall keep thee ever in their mind. Already have the salted cake, and a pure lamb crowned with flowers, been offered, with costly libations, for thy sake. I have vowed to Apollo a rich temple if thou return in safety. Daily shall the Lares and Penates be invoked for thy protection in a far clime."

Then, determining not to weaken his purpose by vain regrets, she arose, and threw all the strength of a loving soul into the farewell smile. There was no tear in her eye, and she trembled not at the last, long embrace.

He departed. She listened to the echo of his footsteps, and gazed to catch the last glimpse of him and of his train. Then burst forth the sorrows of the mother. She dismissed her attendants, that no eye might witness her grief. Only the surrounding statues beheld her with their marble brows. But the frown of warriors or philosophers from their pedestals reproved her in vain. She remembered only that she was a mother, and desolate.

Day was high in the heavens ere she arose from the couch, where, in the anguish of parting, she had thrown herself, burying her face deep among the pillows. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius was an-

nounced, and she started from her wildering trance as one ashamed. Hastily she arranged her disordered robes, and washed the traces of the burning sorrow from cheek and brow.

Calm, serene, and like a habitant of a higher sphere, Marcus Aurelius entered. That philosophic emperor, who, according to the creed of the Stoics, was never known to change countenance, either for grief or joy, regarded her steadfastly, yet without reproach. He saw how deeply flowed the inward tide of emotion, and seemed to await its ebbing ere he spoke.

"Thy son hath gone forth on a noble mission, to gain the wisdom and philosophy of Greece. He is an honor to thee, and to the manes of his father. Deeply wouldst thou hereafter have reproached thyself hadst thou withheld him by the weakness of love from this discipline, so essential to a finished education. Had I not beheld in Ælius Marcellus so much of noble promise, I had not prompted him to the effort, nor thee to this sacrifice."

"Sire! emperor! Thou art ever good, and thy wisdom shall be our guide. From earliest remembrance thine affection was my chief treasure. In widowhood, thou hast been a solace and protector; to my only child, more than a father."

Tender recollections stirred anew the fountain of grief. Her compressed lips quivered, and she burst into a passion of tears.

"Annia Cornificia, my sister, pray unto the gods. Offer sacrifices for thine absent son; and for me

also, not so happy as to be bound, like him, to the sweet fields of heaven-born philosophy, but to the banks of the Danube, to quell an insurrection of the barbarians. Rest and contemplation are most sweet; yet I shrink not from privation or peril. Comfort Faustina in my absence, and throw the mantle of thy tender virtues over the boy Commodus. Let thy wounded, maternal love expand itself on him. So shall it find healing, and bear fruit worthy of the gods."

The ardent woman felt the channel of her grief divided. The all-absorbing image of her absent and only child faded for a time in sympathy for her imperial brother, and she fondly expressed her apprehensions for his safety.

"The life of man," he said, "is but a vapor. What folly to seek to preserve that, and neglect those duties in which alone is its happiness. If I return no more, my sister, shed not such passionate tears for me as thou hast shed at the parting of thy son; for when this little voyage is over, and we reach the shore, shall we not get calmly out of the ship into another life? Are not the gods there?" His voice deepened as he added:

"Annia Cornificia, my sister, if it be my lot to die among the barbarians, I commend unto thee the Prince Commodus. Remind him of what he owes to the people of Rome, and to the memory of his father. Teach him that he who restrains not his own passions can never rule a realm justly or with pros-

perity. I charge thee, let thy son freely associate with him, that through his example the follies that I fear may be repressed."

The imperial father, who seemed to have before his eyes some prophetic vision of the turpitude of his successor, listened with complacency to the promises of his sister, that his wishes should be held sacred; and, taking an affectionate leave, soon departed with his legions to subdue the rebellious tribes of the Quadi and Marcomani.

Among the tributaries to Roman power, Greece stood like a temple, dismantled, yet beautiful. The wrath of conquest had crushed some of its fairest columns, and stripped the acanthus leaf from their capitals. Yet the divinity had not forsaken its shrine. The whispers of an eloquent philosophy, to which the world had knelt, still drew votaries from distant climes, and the sons of her haughty victor came as pilgrims to linger and to listen amid the groves of the Academe.

At the period which we contemplate, Athens had arisen from her deepest degradation. The intellectual and magnificent Adrian had taken her by the hand, and striven to efface the ravages of his predecessors. Antoninus Pius and his successor sought to restore her fallen dignity. Many of her desecrated edifices had been rebuilt, and her privileges restored.

Still the footstep of the Roman made but harsh echo among her shades. Though reinstated in her

seat of honor, it was with a melancholy brow and a shuddering heart. On the hope held before her, she gazed like the pale planet, drooping from the recent deluge, remembering rather the bitterness of the waters, than the promise on the prismed cloud, that she should be submerged no more.

Yet it was not held a slight honor in Athens, that among the noble youths whom the study of arts and letters attracted to her clime, should be the favored relative, perhaps the presumptive heir of him, who wore the imperial purple. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, whose own intense love of philosophy had been imbibed from the Greek sages who instructed his youth, had decided that the mind of his nephew should be enriched by the same lore, gathered in its own native soil; and overruled, as we have already seen, the reluctance of his solitary sister to the consequent separation.

The virtues and accomplishments of Ælius Marcellus fully justified the affection of his mother, and the earnest cares of the emperor, who, disgusted with the vices of his colleague Lucius Verus, and inly shuddering at the developments of his son Commodus, perhaps coupled with the training of his nephew, the future prosperity of the realm.

It was an autumnal evening when the young and noble traveler first entered Athens. A liquid moonlight bathed her towers, and heightened, like the silver veil of the bride, the beauty of her sculpture. But the proud and enthusiastic stranger contempla-

ted with disappointment that melancholy symmetry. He turned dissatisfied even from the Acropolis and the Parthenon, with their coronet of moonbeams, and sought some counterpart for the Coliseum, some substitute for those ranges of patrician structures which clothed with gorgeousness the eternal city. Patriotism swelled his bosom, while his thoughts recurred to Rome, portraying her as she lay that night in queenly repose, conscious that at her wakening the world would be at her feet.

Such were his feelings as he looked on Athens in the garb of Autumn; yet the young vernal moon had scarcely filled her horn ere a change stole over his spirit. No longer he trod those streets with the haughty consciousness of being one of the masters of the world. The solemn beauty of fallen Greece, the antiquity of her lore, softened and subdued him. Yielding to the enchantment of her eloquence who breathed her antique history on the harp, he made the pages of Herodotus the companion of his pillow, or inhaled, amid the murmurings of Ilissus, the sweetness of the Doric muse.

But most, the enthusiasm of philosophy stole into and ruled his soul. He communed with the shade of Plato, as with a visible friend, in those gardens where his voice still lingered, an imprisoned melody. The sculpture which he had once passed with indifference, now stood forth in severe sublimity, the sad and silent statues seemed to beckon and commune with him, till he felt that it was better to sigh

in Athens than to reign in Rome. The new atmosphere breathed on him like magic, enkindling a new existence.

Yet was it not solely the scenery of Greece, nor the exquisite symmetry of her architecture, nor the charm of her language, nor the ideal presence of her sages, that enchained the heart of the young Roman. The touch of pity and the breathings of philosophy prepared it for another guest. Love had been to it like the angel at the Pool of Bethesda, and its troubled fountains were gushing upward with strange untasted streams. His favorite instructor in philosophy was Demetrius, a follower of Plato. He possessed a serene, contemplative character, and an innate eloquence, which delighted the intellectual and ardent disciple. The liberality of the Antonines had placed the teachers of philosophy beyond the reach of want. Their restricted finances no longer justified the caustic reply of Diogenes to the question "why philosophers followed rich men, and not rich men philosophers?"—"because one know what they have need of, and the others do not."

The house of Demetrius was adorned with taste, and Ælius Marcellus was there a distinguished guest. He was pleased to study the manners of the sage in his own home, and to perceive how beautifully they confirmed the theory of their common master, that "happiness is the fruit of virtue." He could not but remark how the spirit of Attic grace modified even the most common household utensils. The lamps,

the pitchers, the vases, illustrated the taste of Pericles. The very slave, who bore on his head a basket of grapes, the young female, who presented the ewer of water for ablution, gave the rudiment of those attitudes which guided the chisel of Phidias. Then the Roman learned that the nation which would be perfect in the arts must take the graces home to its hearth-stone, and make for them a place at its board, an indwelling amid its domestic sanctities.

But the most exquisite specimen of grace in the household of the philosopher was a maiden of the noblest blood of Athens, who, by the affliction of orphanage, had passed under his protection. She, with an infant sister, had been bequeathed by their parents to the charge of Demetrius, a distant relative, and a friend in whom such high confidence was wisely reposed. Over the fortune of the orphans, which was considerable, he exercised a paternal care, and they entwined around his aged heart like the ivy, covering it with the fresh green of hope.

Myrtis was one of those beautiful creations which fancy sometimes forms when her revery has been among seraphs. Her sylph-like step, her smile, imparting happiness, without seeming to expect it again, her manner, gentle almost to pensiveness, finely accorded with features formed on the most perfect Grecian model, with a complexion transparent as light, and eyes often downcast, but never raised, and quickened by speech, without interesting or affecting the beholder. Unoccupied with self, and ever seek-

ing to promote the enjoyment of others, she evinced gratitude to her protector by the most affectionate deportment, by skill in the arrangement of his household, and attention to the comfort of his guests.

But it was more particularly in intercourse with her little sister, the sole surviving scion of their ancient house, that the fullness of her soul was poured forth. To enrich her unfolding mind with the treasures of knowledge, to fashion her docile dispositions, to supply to her the place of the mother who had died at her birth, were the highest efforts and purest pleasures of her existence. It was this sweet illustration of the sisterly virtues, which, more than any symmetry of form or feature, won the heart of the young noble. He had, indeed, admired her exquisite beauty, but with such lineaments he had been familiar among the patrician daughters of Rome. It was not till the grace of a lovely and sublime spirit looked through and gave life to it, that he felt it to be irresistible. He saw her toiling with an earnest eye, to simplify and adapt the precepts of wisdom to the comprehension of a child of eight summers, or cheering her to playfulness by merry music, or, with a mixture of maternal pride, wreathing fresh vine-leaves among her luxuriant, golden curls.

It was thus that Ælius Marcellus, the favored relative of an emperor, the unmoved idol of the more ambitious beauties of Rome, became the willing captive of an artless Athenian maiden. His letters to his mother gradually assumed the coloring of the image

that absorbed him. If he began a synopsis of the lectures of the philosophers, it suddenly diverged to Myrtis; his praise of the perfect language of Greece took the name of Myrtis as a key-tone; and if he attempted a description of that architecture which the world will never be too old to admire, it was transformed into an encomium on Myrtis.

He was surprised at the ease with which his thoughts arrayed themselves in a Grecian garb. Conversations with Myrtis, in which he was as frequently indulged as the somewhat reserved courtesies of Athens admitted, untwisted the idiom of a foreign dialect, and taught it to "run smoothly o'er the lip," as the accents which a mother softens for her babe. And, apart from the necromancy of love, he who would so conquer the difficulties of a new language as to speak it with fluency and grace, should seek the society of educated females, for with them is the colloquial affluence of their mother tongue, and the clew that most readily guides a stranger through its labyrinthine refinements.

While Ælius Marcellus was sounding the depths of a passion which, as yet, his lips uttered not, she who inspired it had not even advanced so far as to assign its true name. All her life she had been sighing for a brother. She supposed herself to have found one. In the loneliness of early childhood, and amid the sorrows of orphanage, she had painted fraternal intercourse as the fullness of bliss. She believed, in her crystal singleness of heart, that her

new happiness sprang from this adopted relationship, and rejoiced to see the little Alethea greet their brother, at every interview, with the overflowing warmth of an affectionate heart.

One evening, Ælius Marcellus entered with a troubled countenance. He had received tidings of the dangerous, perhaps fatal, illness of his mother. Tears started to the eyes of Myrtis. Memory turned to the death-bed of her own parents, and her sympathies were strongly moved. The young Roman added that his immediate return was required, and that the period of his absence from his studies in Athens was uncertain, and might be protracted. Tears now gushed from an unexplored source, and blushes of a stronger tint than the maiden had yet known suffused both cheek and brow at finding herself addressed by a fonder name than that of sister, and feeling that it awoke a true echo in her heart.

The discoveries of that parting hour were priceless and indelible. Yet, to describe love-scenes is but a losing office. He who attempts it is unwise; for the dialect of love, counting speech impotent, is especially ill represented on paper; as if it were possible that light, in its most subtle transmission, should borrow, or bow to the stammerings of sound. Love, scorning so slow a medium as language, except the eye be interpreter, is indignant at the tardier ministry of the pen. The words of lovers dilated upon the dead page, are, like the shorn locks of Samson, stripped of their talisman and scattered to the winds.

Yet, in the few tones of that Athenian maiden, when her heart first awoke to self-knowledge and to reciprocity, there was a treasure which her lover felt the world were poor to purchase. It was with him on his journeyings as a spell, annihilating distance and neutralizing fatigue. He best loved the lonely valleys, where he might repeat its sweetness unheard, and the hermit cell by night, that he might invoke it as the tutelary goddess of his repose.

He arrived at the eternal city like one traveling on the wing of dreams. His mother, the noble Annia Cornificia, lay in the last stages of a fatal disease. She had caused it to be concealed from her son as long as hope remained, and summoned him only to receive her parting counsels and benedictions. Yet the declining flame of life, revivifying and feeding on the affections, lingered for a time on the verge of the grave, cheered by the kind attentions and filial piety of her earthly idol. He passed almost his whole time by her bedside, striving to assuage her sufferings, and receiving, when she was able, her directions respecting the fortune which had been intrusted by his father to her care. The emperor, whose presence in her last extremity she greatly desired, was still absent from Rome, engaged in the wars of Germany.

While these mournful duties occupied Ælius Marcellus, there remained with the bereaved Myrtis an interminable void. He whom she had long loved as a brother, and more than a brother, without being

conscious of it, whom she had just permitted herself to regard as the dearest of all earthly objects, seemed to have taken away with him the life of life. Demetrius, prizing him as a scholar and a friend, and the affectionate Alethea were incessantly talking of him; while she, whose heart was most interested, seldom trusted to her voice the utterance of his name. There was about his image a sacredness which she reserved for the hours of solitary meditation, when she might embalm it with such tears as do not cover the face. Yet that chemistry in which the most perfectly balanced minds are the best adepts, gradually taught her that the duties of benevolence contain a balm for sorrow. She sought out with increased zeal the poor and afflicted, and, in distributing consolation, derived comfort. Among her pensioners was an aged man, who had held in her father's household the rank of steward. His intelligence and fidelity caused him to be considered by her parents less as a servant than a friend, and his grateful attachment was unbounded. He was now, in his childless age, the inmate of a small tenement connected with the garden of Demetrius, where it was convenient for Myrtis daily to visit him, and cheer the languor of his decline. Her attentions to this lonely and worthy retainer now redoubled, as it became obvious that his span of life rapidly decreased.

"Myrtis, I am not well pleased," said the little Alethea, "that you sometimes go to see poor Proclus without me, and that you stay so long. I love him

as much as you do. And what is that book which I wake at midnight and find you reading? and why do you hide it so carefully away? Sister, sister, you never used to have secrets from me. And now that our brother is gone, you ought to be kinder to me than ever, and not begin to shut me out of your heart."

Myrtis hasted to reassure the little trusting being, reproaching herself that she should thus have grieved her, for she found that in her dreams she sometimes convulsively sobbed out complaints mingled with the name of Proclus.

One morning the sound of heavy steps was heard advancing toward the inner apartment, and Demetrius entered, with more of agitation than his calm philosophy, and his still calmer nature, were wont to indulge. Following him was the proconsul of Athens, to whom he said, in hurried tones,

"Will there never be an end of slanders? Behold the noble maiden, whom you so unjustly suspect. Is it necessary that here, in the very home of her protector, she be insulted by the question, whether she be a Christian?"

"There needs not this clamor," replied the proconsul. "It is sufficient if the lady simply indicate whether she will sacrifice to the gods."

"What an indignity is this doubt of her piety! Think you she could be thus faithless to her long line of ancestors, to her teachers—to herself? Instructed in our most ancient rites, would it be possi-

ble to adopt an odious heresy, which is but of yesterday? Myrtis, daughter, will it please you by a single word to dismiss the proconsul?"

Thus invoked, the maiden arose. Her slight, but perfect, figure seemed to assume new height and majesty. There was no fading of lip or cheek, as she firmly pronounced, "*I am a Christian.*"

The philosopher stood as if the blast of Heaven had dried up his spirits. He listened, gasping, for some recantation. He feared to speak, lest there might be a repetition of those fearful words.

At length, overcome with agony, he fell prostrate and powerless, and the proconsul, with a glance of triumph and of scorn, departed. Newly clothed with deputed authority, he was eager to turn it to the best advantage. The single prominent blemish in the character of Marcus Aurelius was severity to the Christians. Mild and forbearing to all besides, he seemed to concentrate the whole bitterness of the Portico to pour it upon the Cross. The governors of the subjugated provinces found the most direct road to his favor lay through the persecution and punishment of that sect which was "every where spoken against." This new proconsul, a bold man and a bad, was neither insensible to such ambition, nor averse from the machinery which it involved.

Our next scene is in the prison at Athens. It was thronged with habitants. In one of its cells was a fair young creature, and a child ever near her — inseparable as the shadow from the substance.

By their side was seen a hoary-headed philosopher, whose "beard descending, swept his aged breast." He came with early morn, and late departed. Incessantly he argued of the antiquity and omnipotence of the gods of Greece, and condemned the madness of those who followed the Crucified. But the beautiful being whom he addressed spake with a gentle, yet clear voice of the hope that was in her, or read to him from a hallowed page in which was the reason of that hope; and every evening he bade farewell with a paler and more troubled brow.

One day he announced to her that he had obtained permission, though not without difficulty, that she should visit the cell of Proclus; for age and sickness had been no protection against his being torn from his humble home, and subjected to the rigors of imprisonment. Breathing gratitude for a liberty so long sought in vain, she took the hand of Alethea, and followed Demetrius and the guard who accompanied him.

The old man lay on a little straw in the corner of his narrow cell. His eye, dim with the gloom of the prison, and with a deeper darkness which had begun to settle upon it, saw not who approached him. But those sweet, low tones that he loved called back the life-tide to his marble features.

"Art thou here, Angel of Mercy? Once more, art thou by the side of the poor old man, thou who art so soon to be an angel indeed? Often, since I have lain here, have I wept to think that in the beauty and

flush of life thou must be cut off. But it was a thought of earth. I ought to have remembered, and given thanks as I now do, for the portion that awaits thee, for the 'blessing, and the glory, and the honor, and the eternal life.'"

"Bless me also, good Proclus," said Alethea. "I too am standing by thy bed. I read in the book of the true God with Myrtis, and she teaches me to worship him."

"Ah! art thou here, youngest scion of my master's house? What a doom for thee, thou lamb reared in green pastures, beside the still waters! I pray thee come nearer, that I may lay my hand on thy head, and name over thee the name of Jesus. Who will raise this dead hand for me, and place it among the curls of that beautiful one whose welcome to this sad life was the bosom of a dying mother?"

"Blessed saint," said Myrtis, "from whom I first heard the hope of immortality, how can I comfort thy soul in its passage? Shall I read for thee from the book of our faith, or sing a hymn to the Redeemer?"

"Fain would I listen to thy voice," said the dying man, "for it is melody. But now I may not stay. They call me. My soul exults. I come. Is there yet one drop of water, sweet one? The last want of this poor clay. Moisten my parched lips, that I may go with singing unto Him who loved me, who gave himself for me."

And, with a faintly warbled strain of praise, the soul of that old man went upward.

The mind of Myrtis was prepared by its own structure, as well as by its high culture, for a more consistent belief than the mythology of her country afforded. The very philosophy by which it had been refined taught it to seek for some more stable foundation. Her simple and severe rectitude was confused by the countless deities naturalized at Athens, where it was said to have been "easier to find a *god* than a *man*." Her purity revolted from the rites of "gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust." Plato led her to the gate of truth, and taught her to breathe the pure atmosphere that surrounded it; a humbler hand was appointed to open that gate for her, and light and radiance flowed through its portals, and she became a faithful worshiper.

By the bedside of the lonely retainer of her family, where she went in the ministry of her single-hearted benevolence, she was first initiated into the rudiments of Christianity, and gained a gift of inestimable value—a copy of the Sacred Scriptures. This was her daily study. The faith derived from it she received in humility, and was ready to maintain with fortitude. Yet martyrdom, which holy men counted as a crown, and enthusiastic devotion sometimes too eagerly coveted, was not, to her gentle spirit, an object of ambition. To renounce life just as a newly-admitted love had given it the coloring of Eden, could not be desired. Her young heart, won by the noble Marcellus; his heart, beating, as it were, in her bosom;

she weighed for him and for her the claims of this world and the next; and her constant supplication, amid her prison solitude, was, that her Father in heaven would reveal her duty, and gird her to unswerving obedience.

Once, while the philosopher sat gazing in silent affliction upon the sisters, the massy bolts of the prison were suddenly withdrawn, and Ælius Marcellus entered. Astonishment, dismay, and indignation convulsed his noble features for a moment; but love, like the lightning flash, dispersed all their cloudy symbols. Myrtis vainly strove to give utterance to the emotions that oppressed her. Sensation forsook her, and her brow, paler than marble, drooped over her lover's shoulder. But the deadly faintness was short. The long fringes of her dark eyes unclosed, and a tint, like the young rose-leaf, started to her cheek, still deepening and spreading, till the very snows of her temples caught its trembling suffusion. Then, in tones like the varied melody of a fresh-tuned lute, she hastened to relieve his anxiety, whose breath seemed to depend upon her own, and to cheer the bewildered spirits of her sister and their foster-father. Supported by Ælius Marcellus, and with Alethea seated at her feet, a conversation of the deepest interest commenced.

The philosopher felt the kindlings of a hope to which he had been long a stranger. The agitation of Myrtis, who, amid all other remonstrances, had remained serene and passionless, proved to him the

omnipotence of her love. Retiring to the extremity of the cell, he enveloped his head in his garment, and prepared, by an elaborate orison to Minerva, to accelerate the victory which he predicted. Notwithstanding the fervor of his devotions, the accents of the speakers sometimes arrested his attention or lingered upon his ear. The tones of the Roman were, at first, as one who complains, or, perhaps, contends, but with the consciousness of wearing invincible armor. The response was tender and subdued, yet musical as the wind-harp swept by the "sweet southwest." Then there was a tide of manly eloquence, rushing like a river which surmounts every barrier when the spring rains have swollen it. "For my sake—for my sake," seemed the burden of every argument, and it was echoed in the sobbing of a child, "for my sake, too, dearest sister." Demetrius blessed the youth in his aged heart, and began a prayer of thanksgiving to Pallas, with vows of a costly libation. At length the Roman was silent, and, supposing him to have destroyed the last defenses of that stubborn faith which all the weapons of philosophy had assailed in vain, he removed the robe from his face, and looked up.

But the evidence of the eye overthrew the exultation which the more obtuse ear had fostered. She, whom he had so long pictured to himself as the listener, convinced, confuted, repentant, was speaking with an upraised, soul-lighted eye. He knew that it was not of earth that she spoke; for such holiness as

of a seraph would not then have settled upon her countenance. Her hand rested upon the open page of a book which she had drawn from her bosom. Every trace of earthly passion had faded from her features, and her whole soul seemed to pour itself forth as an essence of truth and power, and such love as hath root fast by the throne of God.

The young Roman leaned his head upon his hands, with every lineament of entranced attention. Deep sighs burst from his bosom, like the dividing of the soul from its terrestrial companionship. The maiden, bending tenderly toward him, pointed on the page which she held, to the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." He covered his eyes with his hands, but tears gushed through his fingers like those large rain-drops that herald the tempest. Starting from his seat, he strained her in one short, agonized embrace, and rushed from the cell. The philosopher hastened after him, amazed at such abruptness, yet dreading to decipher the cause.

"Sister, dear sister," said Alethea, clinging round the neck of Myrtis, "Ælius Marcellus will return no more. I know it. His heart is broken. But I will never leave you. No; we will die together;" and she sobbed out her deep love as the nursling pours its griefs into a mother's bosom.

"Alethea, beloved one, go forth and breathe the fresh air. A prison cell suits ill with the free spirit of childhood. The flush is fading from your cheek, and your fair flesh wastes away;" and she folded the dove-like child in her arms.

"Myrtis, I do not wish to go. The gardens are changed. Your voice is no longer there. The turf is neither green nor beautiful. The oleanders do not look as they once did, and my white cyclamen has a tear in its eye as it puts forth its feeble buds."

"Little Alethea, Demetrius will lead you to see how our birds fare, and our bees. You shall bring me word again. The comfort of the humblest insect that God has made should be dear to us. In the health and industry of those innocent creatures you shall once more be glad. I will leave them to your care, and my amaranths."

The fair child kneeled by her sister, and hid her face in her lap. She was silent for a few minutes. Then, raising her head, she said, calmly and solemnly,

"Speak no more to me of the charge of birds, and bees, and flowers. I shall die with you. Never more will I press you to live, and cease to be a Christian; for now I know that it gives you pain. I love the same Jesus Christ that you love. Tell me more of Him, that I may love Him better. Then, when I stand up to die with you, I shall wear the same smile that makes your brow like the angels', when you kneel and pray for me."

It has been mentioned that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius was engaged in wars with the Quadi and Marcomani. They involved a long absence from Rome, and many hardships. The barbarians succeeded in shutting him up between the mountains and themselves. The heat of summer, the privations

of an uncultivated region, and the most distressing thirst, annoyed and discouraged his army. Forced, under these adverse circumstances, to meet the enemy, the Roman cohorts might have whitened with their bones the wilds of Germany, and scarce a survivor have escaped to tell their fate. They invoked the gods of their nation, and the boasted idols of Egypt, in vain. At length a legion of Christian soldiers knelt on the arid battle field, and besought help of Jehovah. A plentiful and blessed rain, which fell as the conflict began, and which the famishing soldiers caught in their helmets and the hollow of their shields, so invigorated them, while the tempest, with thunder and lightning that followed, so terrified the barbarians, that victory declared for those who, but a moment before, seemed ready to yield without a struggle.

Even pagan history scruples not to connect this wonderful event with the prevalent prayers of those Christian soldiers, enforced, as they were, to follow the fortunes and share in the battles of a persecuting emperor. She bestowed on them the distinctive name of the "thundering legion;" thus perpetuating at once her gratitude, and the terrible voice from Heaven that discomfited the barbarians. They were permitted to have a thunderbolt engraven on their shields —a coat of arms of high and peculiar heraldry. The beautiful Antonine column, boldly resisting the tyranny of time, still preserves the scenery of that remarkable occurrence, among other imperishable records of Roman glory.

At evening the emperor sat in his tent, revolving the wonderful deliverance of the day, and thanking the gods to whose interposition he ascribed it. He mused, also, upon the evils of war, which drew him from his palace and his people, to do deeds from which his better nature revolted, and to forego that philosophical retirement which declining years rendered still more dear. The revery was disturbed by tidings that a young Roman, apparently charged with urgent dispatches, claimed admission to the imperial presence.

The next moment Ælius Marcellus was at his feet. After salutations of surprise and reverence, he received permission to unfold the cause for which he had thus dared long travel, and an enemy's land. As he proceeded, the brow of the emperor grew stern, and darkened.

"Would that thy first mediation had not been for one of that race, whom duty to the gods requires me to humble, perhaps to extirpate A Christian maiden! What has she to do with the son of the noble Marcellus, the nephew, perhaps the heir, of him who wears the imperial purple?"

Again he listened to the suppliant, till his lofty forehead lost its painful contraction, and his classic features resumed their native cast of contemplative thought.

"The Christians have ever been represented to me as disaffected to our laws, and leaders of tumult and rebellion. Yet I am not ignorant that there are in my army some of their soldiers who have done

good service in this very war. To-day they knelt upon the field of battle, and prayed their God for succor, and lo! the elements came to our rescue, and Heaven's thunder-bolts discomfited the barbarians. My heart even now swells with gratitude to them. Thou knowest that I seek to show justice to all men. What is thy petition?"

"A mandate to the proconsul of Athens, overruling this doom of death, which he purposes to inflict."

"By my decree have the governors of the provinces punished the Christians. How shall this discrepancy be reconciled?"

"Thy noble and just nature has been deceived by the falsehood of those who hold the Christians in abhorrence, or by their avarice coveting the gains of confiscation. If they have now proved themselves faithful in camps, and brave amid the disasters of war; if, through their prayers, the legions have been rescued, an emperor, so generous to foes, will not surely withhold from his own soldiers the approval due to them and honorable to himself."

Marcus Aurelius paced the tent in silence and agitation. Then, fixing on his nephew eyes that seemed to read the soul, he said, "Art *thou* a Christian?"

Color rushed to the brow of the young man, as he half indignantly replied,

"No, I have never abjured the gods of Rome. At my last interview with her for whose sake I thus venture to implore thee, I sought vehemently to draw her from what I deemed delusion and madness. But

I love that maiden better than my own soul. If she must perish, trample, I pray thee, on my life as a rootless weed, for henceforth I am nothing to Rome or to thee."

The emperor, still hesitating, murmured, half audibly, half in self-communion,

"Did I not sanction the doom of Polycarp, and of Dionysius, and of the multitudes whose blood saturated the valleys of Gaul?"

Marcellus, pressing his hand in both his own, exclaimed,

"If an old man, weary of life, took only one step toward his grave; if an enthusiast, greeting martyrdom as the crown of earthly glory, eagerly seized that crown; if those who were represented to thee as ripe for insurrection, and subverters of the gods of our nation, have shed their blood; what then? canst thou restore them? But a maiden, nurtured in simplicity and in philosophy, no troubler of thy realm, no sower of sedition, must she be sacrificed because she hath drawn secretly into her bosom some form of faith which, to her purity, seems more pure? Have I said that she is the daughter of one who was honored as the munificent patron of philosophers—the friend of Rome? Have I said that insolence dared even to outrage the domestic sanctuary, and drive her thence in her beauty and innocence to such a prison as felons share? Let her look, in her desolate orphanage, to thee as her protector from such tyranny."

The emperor regarded him, as he ceased to speak,

with deep and tender attention. He scanned his haggard eye, and the marks of rugged travel that he bore. The sympathies of kindred blood wrought strongly within him.

"My son, since last we met, the soul of thy mother hath been summoned to the eternal gods. She was my only sister, dear to me from the cradle. Her love shall be thine. Even now her voice pleads within my heart for thee. Not in vain shall be thy perilous appeal for this Grecian maiden."

He traced a few lines, and gave them folded into the hand of the youth.

"This will suspend all execution of Christians, on account of their faith, until my arrival in Athens, for I purpose to visit that illustrious city ere I return to Rome."

"Emperor! father! yet more to me than either father or emperor! Representative of the mercy of the heavens! how shall I give vent to my eternal gratitude?"

"Go to thy rest, my son, for thou art sore wearied. In the morning I will confer with thee of the philosophy of Greece. It will refresh my spirit under the toils and burdens of this war."

"Forgive me," said the youth, embracing his knees. "I may not tarry for a night. Sleep is a stranger to mine eyelids. Even the moment in which I so vainly strive to utter thanks, may frustrate the very purpose of thy goodness."

The lips of the emperor trembled. Scarcely had

he articulated, "the blessing of the holy gods be with thee," ere the flying tramp of a departing steed was heard, though the storm still raged, and the darkness of midnight overspread the landscape.

The summer sun lay bright and broad upon Athens. Footsteps hurried through the streets, and the low murmur of suppressed voices was heard from a spot where the dense throng congregated. Preparations were seen for the extinction of life. The fatal pile, rising here and there, bore witness that this extinction was to be through the torturing agency of fire. Individuals of various ages composed the band who were sentenced to look that day for the last time on the waving olives and fair skies of their beautiful clime. There the hoary-headed man came to give the remnant of his life joyfully away, and the delicate female, made strong by the faith of her Redeemer, stood forth a spectacle to men and to angels. Amid all the softening influences of nature and of art, the same spirit was dominant which adjudged Socrates to the hemlock, and it was enraged to find that neither threat nor torture could intimidate those whom it had marked for its prey. Still a semblance of justice and moderation was preserved. Opportunity was offered to each of the victims to sacrifice to the gods, arguments to persuade recantation were adduced, and an affected reluctance testified to inflict the doom which multitudes had assembled to witness; but the alternative was refused by every Christian, and death nobly welcomed.

Then there was a moment of awful silence. It was broken by sounds strangely sweet—the hymn of the martrys. Its prelude was tender, almost tremulous, as of souls spreading a timid wing over the crushing of their clay casket, fragile, and beloved. But then it swelled out in fuller chorus, as if angels from the open gates of heaven took up the melody and made it a song of triumph.

The listeners were appalled. Those who conducted the execution, dreading a revulsion of popular feeling, strove by the clamor of martial instruments to interrupt that solemn, unearthly music. Among the little band of martyrs was one on whom the universal gaze settled. Youth, and a beauty rendered more exquisite by seclusion from crowds, were suddenly exposed to the rude glare of the multitude. By the side of the maiden stood an ancient philosopher, wasted to a skeleton, a mute effigy of powerless sorrow. Clasping her hands was a fair child, whose exuberant curls partially shaded a face ever raised upward to the object of its love, as if from thence it derived breath and being.

The time arrived when the victims must be bound to the stake. Orders were given that the child should be removed; but, embracing her sister with a convulsive grasp, she declared her determination that nothing should separate them. The martyr soothed her in low tones, and strove gently to put her hand into that of the philosopher; but in vain. She clung to her as the clay to the struggling spirit when Death

summons it to be free. A murmur of sympathy ran through the populace. The proconsul approached.

"Maiden, art thou so rashly bent upon death, that nothing can annul thy choice? Have all the joys of life no weight with one so beautiful?"

"Speak not to me of the alternative by which life is purchased. Am I again to repeat the assurance that I will never deny my Savior?"

"Then bid farewell to this child. Or is it thy pleasure that she make trial of the flame?"

The martyr bowed down and clasped her soul's darling in one long embrace. She pressed her lips to hers, as if she fain would breathe there her last breath. As she withdrew them, she said gently, but firmly,

"Dearest, go now to our father Demetrius. If we both leave him, he will die comfortless, he who has for so many years been as father and mother to us. Go, cheer his aged heart. This is your duty. Be a daughter to him. Remember my last message to your brother, to Ælius Marcellus. And now, little sister, farewell. We shall meet again. There is a place for you in heaven. I will watch over you, and welcome you there."

Her words fell unheeded. The lips and forehead of the child were cold, but the pressure of her embrace relaxed not.

"Old man," said the proconsul, "take away this child." But the hoary-headed philosopher moved not. He stood as the statues that in their marble majesty looked down upon him.

At a glance from the proconsul, a soldier laid his hand upon Alethea. Even his iron nature recoiled at her piercing scream.

"No, no! I shall die with my sister. I worship the Christian's God. I love Jesus Christ. I hate the idols of Athens. Let me stand up in the fire by my dear sister's side. I will not shrink, nor cry out. My heart grows to hers. It can not be torn away. I have a right to die with her. Do I not tell you that I am a Christian?"

"Away with her, then," said the proconsul: "let her test her young courage by a taste of the flame, if so it pleaseth her."

There was a tumult among the throng. A shout of "Tidings from the emperor!" A horseman was seen approaching with breathless speed. He leaped from his gasping steed, which the same moment fell dead at his feet. He caught in his arms the sentenced maiden and the pale child, who adhered to her with the clasp of the drowning when he sinks to rise no more. Hurling toward the proconsul the edict which he drew from his bosom, he exclaimed,

"Hence, persecutor! with thy minions. Thou shalt answer this before the emperor. See that these Christians, in whose tortures thou wert so ready to exult, are sent peacefully to their own homes; and let this multitude disperse."

The proconsul read the writing, and quailed before the wrath of the young Roman. He dared not meet the lightning of his eye, for there is in every tyrant

the rudiments of a coward. And the fickle thousands who, but a moment before, condemned the Christians to the stake, departed with curses on their lips for the baffled proconsul.

The next gathering of a throng in that amphitheatre was for a different purpose — the triumphal entry of Marcus Aurelius into Athens. The car of the emperor was attended by his conquering legions, whose invincible might Greece well remembered, and could too feelingly attest. Captives, torn from the German wilds, with dejected countenances and wild elf-locks, swelled the pageant of the victor. He was welcomed by all that Athens could devise of pomp or of music, of procession or of praise. Flowers were strewn as he passed, and clouds of incense ascended as to a god. Since the entrance of Adrian, to whom the Eleusinian mysteries were revealed, Athens had beheld nothing so imposing. She hoped to receive from Marcus Aurelius such benefactions as were then heaped upon her; and the splendid edifices which Adrian had erected, especially his library, with its alabaster roof and its hundred columns of Phrygian marble, glowed with the richest wreaths and echoed to the rarest minstrelsy.

But peculiarly did philosophy regard this festival as her own. Never before had she seen one of her own votaries robed in imperial purple, and wielding the scepter of the globe. With all her boasted indifference to earthly pomp and pride, she might have been forgiven the quickened step and flushed brow

with which she threw her garland at his feet. Especially did the disciples of Zeno lift up their head with unwonted dignity. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was a brother of their order, an adept in their lore. His constant favor had distinguished them, his eloquent pen maintained their tenets. The point of precedence was therefore, on that memorable day, conceded to the scholars of the Portico; but pressing near them, and with more of heart-felt joy in his demeanor, was a Platonist, the silver-haired Demetrius. Regarding the emperor as a beneficent deity, he poured forth a tide of scarcely audible gratitude.

Yet he, to whom every eye was lifted, bent his own with serene earnestness on a single group. There knelt at his feet a lordly Roman, and a graceful female, enveloped in a veil, to whose side clung a beautiful child. The vast multitude listened in breathless attention as the youth broke silence.

"Emperor! Sire! Behold the maiden for whom I besought thee. Since we last met, a change hath passed over me. I am no longer able to resist the truth. I have embraced the faith that once I condemned. I am a Christian. To whatever punishment thou shalt adjudge, we submit ourselves. If our doom be death, suffer us to share it together, that together we may be with the Lord."

He who was thus addressed, bending from his lofty seat, united the hands of the lovers; and Marcus Aurelius, the heathen and the Stoic, sanctioned, not without a tear of tenderness, the bridal of Christians.

THE EMIGRANT BRIDE.

"Fare ye well! fare ye well!
To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell;
Cruel tale it were to tell
How the emigrant sighs farewell."

TUPPER.

THE EMIGRANT BRIDE.

Two rather antique-looking people were conversing cozily, toward the close of a vernal day. The bay window where they sat, looked out upon lawn and garden, and was partially shaded by the convolvulus, so redolent at dewy morn, of its deep blue and crimson bells.

"Brother, did you ever think our Susan had some thoughts she did not reveal?"

"What kind of thoughts?"

"Why, has it never crossed your mind that she might be in love?"

"In love! The child! What can you be dreaming of, Sister Sibyl?"

"Child indeed! Eighteen next Candlemas, Mr. Mortimer. If I am not mistaken, her mother was younger when she stood at the altar with our brother. Perhaps I might say, when she led him there, for he was utterly bewildered, and blinded by the love of her."

"She was truly lovely. But tell me whose image your imaginings have coupled with our pretty niece?"

"Whose image? Why, the young spark Henry Elton, of course. A fine match, upon my word;

he having nothing, or next to nothing, and of no family, as you may say. I always thought Susan ought to marry some nobleman; and so she might, with a proper ambition. Such sights of money as you have lavished on her education, too—playing on the spinnet, and working tent-stitch. Of what great use will these be, when she is the wife of so very undistinguished a personage? I think she is ungrateful to you; indeed, to us both."

"It is most probable that your fancy outruns all fact. Still, if your suspicions prove true, I should regret it not so much for the reasons you have given, as that the young man has some spice of wildness and want of consideration, which might affect the happiness of the poor girl. Shall I speak to her?"

"O mercy, my dear brother! not for the world. You men are always so hasty. Such matters need the utmost tact and delicacy. The young heart is an exquisite harp, which few can play upon without disordering its strings. Trust that to me. There she is, coming from her walk, and that very Henry Elton with her, to be sure! Have the goodness, brother, to leave the room. No time like the present time, as the proverb says."

A fair girl was seen approaching the house, the rich curls of auburn hair escaping from under her hat upon neck and shoulder. By her side was a graceful young man, who bore upon his arm her basket of wild flowers. A ramble in the green lanes of merry England had given them new spirits,

and their voices, mingling in occasional laughter, rang out joyously. Her companion took leave, and she entered with a light step.

"See, aunt, these fresh violets, and this—"

"Bless me! Miss Mortimer, I suppose it is highly decorous to walk with your hat untied, and to chatter so long at the gate with a gentleman."

Amazement seized the young creature, a moment since so gay. *Miss Mortimer!* This was always an epithet of great displeasure. What could have happened? The full, blue eyes, which just before had sparkled like sapphires, dilated, and with lips slightly parted, and foot advanced, she stood, checked and silent, a song-bird startled by the thunder.

"Do you know that every body is talking of your familiarity with that Henry Elton, and of his awful dissipation, too; your uncle and all?"

"My dear aunt!"

"Yes! dear aunt indeed! Your uncle is not quite blind, nor deaf either. Poor man! he might have had higher hopes for his favorite brother's daughter. So liberal, too, as he has always been—no expense spared. It is a burning shame to show no more regard to his feelings."

"I assure you, aunt—"

"You need not *assure* me at all; I'm able to assure myself. But, if you do not see fit to give up Henry Elton, and mate yourself with some titled person, or one more fitting for our family, it will not be so well for you, I can *assure* you of that. It will

not be difficult to find one who will show more gratitude to us, for lesser favors. You need not take the trouble to answer me."

The surprise of the listener gave way to a rush of other feelings. The color deepened in her pure Saxon complexion, but she replied not, though the compression of her bright lips proved that it cost some effort to be silent. Henceforth a new subject occupied her meditations, and the floating filament and shadow of a preference became a fixed thought.

Miss Sibyl lost no time in reporting to her brother that Susan was deeply in love, and desperately bent on having her own way.

"I could see it in every movement. She is her mother over again, whom I never could bear. Her father, too, had a right obstinate temper. Considering he was only a half-brother, I have sometimes wondered at your partiality for his daughter. I am sure our own dear sister would be glad to give us her Euphemia, who would not make us half the trouble that Susan has."

This matter had been hinted before by the adroit lady, but her brother's heart still continued to turn to his orphan protégé. Yet, having always maintained toward Susan a reserved and dignified manner, she was not aware of his attachment, and too timid to approach him with freedom. Mutually misunderstanding each other, constraint deepened into apparent coldness, and diffidence was mistaken for pride. The blight of a joyless home fell on the

spirit of the young girl, and she grew care-worn before her time.

Days passed away on leaden feet, and the early flowers, for whose birth she had waited, withered, scarcely noticed, in their turfy beds. At the foot of the pleasant garden of the Mortimers was a summer-house. The full moon, looking through vines and lattice-work, saw that it was not untenanted. Two persons were discoverable, with heads declined, as if in conversation more profound than the gayety of youth would prompt.

Suddenly one starts into action, genuflection, gesture, such as excited feeling or eloquence inspire. It might be seen that he had an auditor absorbed, and not unmoved.

The pantomime, though protracted, has a close. Of its scope and result, somewhat may be gathered by the bearing of the parties, as they issue from the bower. Moving slowly through the long lines of shrubbery, the manner of one is earnest, tender, and tinctured with the power of prevalence. The other leans heavily on his arm, her fair brow inclining toward his, and as they reach the porch where they are to separate, her clear, lustrous eye gazes steadfastly into his, as if to gather one more assurance that the image of her own love is fully reflected there.

A ship rides at anchor on the English coast. The night is rayless, and winds moan with a hollow sound. The midnight watch is called; but the cap-

tain still lingers on deck, as if engaged in some preparation for his expected departure at early morn.

The tramp of flying steeds on the shores is heard, then the dash of an oar. A boat has put out into the thick darkness. Soon a group, muffled in cloaks, ascend the deck of the vessel. One seems exhausted, and is supported by a stronger arm.

Then, by the dull, red light of the barnacle, a cavalier stands forth, with uncovered head, and by his side a vision of beauty. The melody of the marriage service trembles strangely upon that bleak, midnight air. Hands are joined.

"*Till death us do part.*" What a place, timid and tender creature! for vows like these—the rough ship and the tossing sea. None of thy kindred blood near to bless thee, or soothe the pulsations of thy fluttering heart.

"Safe from all persecution! Mine own forever!"

Well-timed words, young bridegroom. They bring a faint rose-leaf tinge over cheek and brow, so deadly pale. The benediction of the priest fell like oil upon the troubled waters; and throwing himself, with his attendants, into the waiting boat, he rapidly regained the shore.

The next morning beheld the ship and her two companions, with unfurled sails, leave the harbor of Plymouth. Cloud and blast had passed away with night, but were replaced by a dense fog. So they

still hovered, like half-wakened sea-birds, lazily along the coast.

At mid-day a barge was seen approaching. With a buoyant movement it skimmed the waves, now rising half upright upon some crested billow, and anon sinking gracefully into the intermediate vale of waters.

Among the many who watched her progress, none testified such overwhelming anxiety as Henry Elton and his bride. Apprehension that they might be the objects of pursuit, raised a tide of tumultuous emotion. The young man walked apart with the captain, vehemently demanding that the ship should hold on her course; and when he again seated himself by her side, whose azure eye followed his every movement, weapons were observed to glitter beneath his mantle.

A cavalier, closely muffled, with a single servant, leaped on board. Requesting a private interview with the captain, they descended together to the cabin. Henry Elton, passing one arm firmly around his bride, whispered in her ear, "*Till death us do part,*" while a sword, partially drawn from its scabbard, gleamed in his right hand. How endless seemed that interval of suspense!

At length ascending footsteps were heard, with a suppressed murmur of "Sir Walter Raleigh!" The eye of every gazer testified pleasure as it rested on the noble form of the most accomplished knight of his times. His Spanish cloak, thrown over one arm,

discovered that magnificence of costume in which he delighted, and which his elegance of person so well became. To all who surrounded him he addressed some kind or courtly phrase, with his habitual tact and fluency. Fixing his eagle eye on the bride, he drew her toward him, and said,

"And thou, too, here, pretty dove? I knew thy father well, in the wars of the Low Countries. A brave man was he, and a noble. Heaven help thee to build thy nest in yon far flowery groves, where I would fain myself be."

Pressing a paternal kiss on her pure forehead, and once more heartily shaking the hand of the commander, he said,

"My good people, that you will show all due respect and obedience to so excellent a seaman as Captain White, I make no doubt. But more than this: I present him to you as the future governor of the colony which, God willing, you are to plant in the new Western World."

Then placing in his hand a sealed paper, containing instructions for the new government, and the names of the twelve assistants by whose aid it was to be administered, he bade all a courteous farewell, with "good wishes, and a golden lot."

Loud and long was the voice of cheer and gratulation as he departed. He bowed his thanks, and then standing erect in the tossing boat, waved his hat, with its fair, white plumes. Far in the distance they saw it dancing amid the sea-foam, and con-

versed enthusiastically of the man who, yet scarcely thirty-five, had already become illustrious in arts and arms, a scholar, courtier, poet, and statesman; liberal as a patron of literature, and the very soul of all enterprise for the settlement of the new-found continent of America. As they watched him until his barge was a speck on the far waters, no pre-science revealed the darkening of his fortunes, the conspiracy of his foes, a tyrant king, the prison, and the scaffold.

Three small ships, long beaten by the Atlantic surge, approached the shores of that region which, less than a century before, the world-finder had unveiled. The conflict of months with blast and billow had not left them unscathed, and they moved, like the flagging sea-gull, toward the desired haven.

It was the summer of 1587, when Virginia, in her gorgeous robes, gleamed out to the worn voyagers, like the isles of the blessed. Her flowering trees and shrubs sent a welcome on the wings of odors, ere the embroidered turf kissed their feet.

Vines, loaded with clusters, enriched field and grove; here forming dense canopies and bowers of shade, and there springing loftily from tree-top to tree-top, with bold festoons and flowing drapery. Deer glanced through the forest, and birds of gay plumage filled the balmy air with music.

The strangers sought out the spot, near the fair

waters of the Roanoke, where, two years before, Sir Richard Greenville had planted a colony of frail root, whose remnant had been borne back by Sir Francis Drake to its native soil.

These guests of the hospitality of the broad, green West were full of exultation, and zealous to construct places of shelter and repose. None more ardently rejoiced when a little dwelling was ready, which they might call their own, than Henry Elton and his bride. Its rudeness, its narrow limits, were naught to them, so entirely happy were they to possess a home amid the charms of nature and the solitude of love. Here was their most romantic wish fulfilled—a lodge in the green wood, and a beautiful world to themselves.

Alas for Susan, when a change first stole over her dream. Enthusiastic, and turning, like the flower of the sun, to one alone, she had not taken into view that the cloud and the frost must have their season. At first she wondered that Henry could so often leave her and so long be gone, or that, at his return, he omitted the tender words she had been accustomed to hear. But the smile was ever radiant on her brow when he appeared, and during his absence she found solace in household toils, putting her slender, snowy hands, with strange facility, to the humblest deeds that might render a poor abode comfortable, or vary his repast who was ever first in her thoughts. While thus employed, her voice rang out sweetly from the catalpas that embowered her dwell-

ing, so that it would seem that the birds and herself were at a loving strife. But the tuneful emulation soon ceased, and her song rose sad and seldom, and then was heard no more.

A deeper shadow had fallen upon her lot. Captiousness was added to indifference by him for whom she had literally given up all besides. A fearful conviction, which she strongly resisted, forced itself upon her, of his frequent intemperance. Careless of the duties of a protector, he would sometimes be away whole nights, while at his return she was doomed to witness the disgusting gradations from stupidity to brutality.

Compunction, indeed, occasionally seized him, and at his reviving kindness her young hope whispered that all would yet be well, and her woman's love forgot that it had ever wept. The adversities of the colony proved, also, a temporary remedy. Poverty, and a scarcity of the means of subsistence, checked the power of revelry, and taught inebriety abstinence. Some fear of savage warfare drew the little band more firmly together, for consultation and safety. The fierce Wingina, with his followers, were observed prowling around the settlement. There was then no Powhatan to succor the strangers, no Pocahontas to save the victim, at the jeopardy of her own life.

In the mean time, she who had staked her all on love, and lost, was fondly tenacious of its fragments. Every pleasant look or gentle word, though few and

far between, was treasured as an equivalent for many sorrows. She was learning, day by day, the lesson that human love may never lay aside the element of forbearance. It was touching to see so young and fair a creature so sad, and yet so calm.

One evening she had waited long for her husband, but he came not. A step was heard. Can that be his—so stealthy? The slight fastening of the door was burst in. Dark faces peered, wild forms glimmered. The stroke of a hatchet, and the red flame bursting from the low roof-tree, were the work of a moment; and from the girdle of the tallest warrior, when he strode from the spoil, hung a fresh auburn tress.

That night the wail of a wretched man was heard over the ashes, and the dead. Daybreak beheld him, with others, armed, and going forth in quest of vengeance. The fires of wrath fell on many a quiet wigwam, and innocent women and babes perished for the crime of their chieftain. Such is the justice of the war spirit—blind, bloody, and ferocious.

Three years notched their seasons on the trees, and threw their shadows over the earth, ere England stretched forth her hand to that far, forsaken colony. Then three storm-driven vessels, as the dog-star commenced his reign, were seen contending with the terrible breakers of Cape Hatteras. Outriding both surge and tempest, at length, with strained cordage and riven sails, they neared the shore.

They fired signal-guns, and anxiously listened.

But there was no sound. They pressed on toward Roanoke, Governor White, who had been absent on an agency to England, taking the lead. Where was his sweet daughter Ellinor Dare, whom he had left in her green-wood home, singing the lullaby to her young babe, Virginia, the first-born of English parents in the New Western World? As he drew near the spot, he kept his eye fixed, with agonizing earnestness, on a copse of lofty pines that had encircled her habitation. Smoke reared its curling volume among them, and his heart leaped up. It was the smouldering council-fire of the Indians.

Not a home of civilized man was there, not a form or face of kindred or of friend. They call. There is no answer, but echo murmuring from rock and ravine.

Names and initials are still cut deeply on the trees, but where are the hands that traced them? All is silent save the steps of those who search, and the sighs of those who mourn.

By the shore there was no boat. Over some broken oars, grass and weeds had crept. Ruins of former abodes were here and there visible; portions of household utensils and implements of agriculture scattered along the sands, and corroded with moisture; mingled with these were fragments of chests, torn charts, and mutilated books.

Among the latter was a thrilling relic—a Bible with the name of "*Susan Mortimer Elton*," covered with sanguine spots. Ah! were those fair eyes rest-

ing upon that blessed book when the destroyer came? Was that pensive pilgrim there gathering strength for her thorn-clad journey, when that journey was about to close? Sacred pages! did she learn from you that earthly love, without divine, is unsafe for the heirs of immortality? When her heart's idol was broken, did she hearken to your whisper, "Come, weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest?"

Blood-stained Bible from Virginian sands! we thank thee for thine enduring friendship, for thy last holy offices to the Emigrant Bride.

LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON.

"The honeysuckle o'er the porch hath wove its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the first sweet cuckoo flowers;
The wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother—I'm to be Queen of the May.

* * * * *

The building rook will caw from the wind-swept, tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow will come back again, with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, in my far mouldering grave."

TENNYSON.

LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON.

"MOTHER," said the sweet voice of a young and happy girl, "shall I pass for a May queen of the olden time? A deal of trouble have I, and my tire-woman had to study out and fit up this antique costume."

The Countess of Lincoln might be forgiven for the flush of maternal pride that passed over her usually pallid and serious face as she gazed on the exquisite beauty of the joyous creature before her.

"Go to your grand-mother, my love; she can instruct you in all the mysteries of the toilet of her own day. Though, if your dress should be somewhat of the composite order, it is surely not unbecoming."

With buoyant step the fair being glided through the lofty halls of the baronial castle, and bowed her graceful form before the stately countess dowager, whose hair was silvered by time, though the fire of her dark, aristocratic eye was but slightly changed.

"Heyday, my Lady Arabella! Queen of the May indeed! Come nearer, and let me arrange your shoulder-knots. There should have been more starch in your standing ruff. Turn round, and walk before

me a few times. Well, on the whole, it is quite as well as could be expected. A merlin on your hand, too! Indeed, where did you obtain that fine bird?"

"I supposed that a falcon was indispensable to the array of a fine lady of the last century."

"True; but I think I asked you where you obtained it."

"It has been trained for the occasion, and was lent me by a friend of the family."

"Trained—for—the—occasion—and lent—by—a friend—of the family! What possible need can there be of blushing, my Lady Arabella, about a goshawk and a friend of the family? I wish, however, that you could have seen some of the belles of my day. Why, I might have lent you some rich ornaments, had you condescended to apply to me."

"Dear grand-mother, have you forgotten how often I consulted you about the dress worn by the queens of May in the times of Mary and Elizabeth?"

"No, child, no; I gave you the best advice I could. I was never fond of this kind of mummery for noblemen's daughters; it savors too much of the common people. Would that you had been taught the courtly science of hawking. That was a right royal sport. Majestically indeed did Queen Elizabeth ride; and well do I remember when my Lord Montacute entertained her at his castle—for I had also the honor to be invited—how she would take with her falcon several birds before breakfast. One morning early, a cross-bow being delivered into her hand, with due

ceremony she rode into the park and shot four fine deer in the paddock, and was back before you would think of rising. Truly, after she was seventy years of age, she delighted in the chase, and managed her steed and falcon as well as ever. How many of you, dainty, fair-weather dames, will do as much?"

Arabella had been trained to listen with a martyr's patience to the repetition of old-world stories; but now, as soon as she perceived that she might be released, bending with respectful observance, she bounded away like a young gazelle.

The park, to which she hastened, was like shorn velvet; and the feet of those high-born ladies tripped there as gayly as those of the peasant girl who feels the breath of spring in her heart, and exults, she knows not why. A select party were assembled, and, amid songs and flower strewings, a crown of fresh blossoms was placed on the head of the chosen Queen of May. A sumptuous entertainment was spread in bowers erected for that purpose, and under the kingly oaks.

Afterward the servants, in their best attire, danced around the lofty May-pole, and partook of refreshments bounteously distributed. It was the pleasure of the young Earl of Lincoln to retain some of the festivals of the olden time, and to make his domestics happy. He felt that their toils were thus lightened, and their homes rendered more dear.

On his arm leaned his widowed mother. Near them stood a man of middle age and thoughtful as-

pect. This was Dudley, the friend and faithful assistant of his father, through whose financial talents the ancestral estate, formerly impaired, had become unencumbered and rich in revenue.

"Seest thou, my lord," he said, in a somewhat quaint tone, "the comely countenance of the damsel who hath just crowned the Lady Arabella? She is the daughter of the pious Lord Say. Heretofore I have spoken of her unto thee. Right happy would be the young nobleman who should win her to his house and heart."

Color deepened on the cheek of the earl, and he turned to speak to a young man in the group, of lofty form, with a broad, pure forehead. Still the words fell on an almost unconscious ear, so fixed was the gazer's eye upon every movement of the Lady Arabella, who, with perfect grace, and the lightness of a happy heart, sported among her companions. When the revels drew near a close, she waved her hand, and the bird flew from it to his; and, though the smile that accompanied the deed spoke only the language of girlish and guileless simplicity, yet to him it was beautiful and priceless.

When another May shed its gifts on the earth, the loveliness of that fair creature had come forth into rarer and more exquisite ripeness. It had taken a different and higher character. Deeper thoughts sat upon the brow, and a more serene happiness; the thought gave proof of an earthly love, the happiness of a heavenly piety. Both these guests had be-

come residents in her bosom. One spoke in the tender glance, in the varying rose-tint of the alabaster cheek; the other, in forgetfulness of self, in high resolve, in tireless charity, in every meek and sweet modification of womanly duty.

Month after month glided away on swift and blissful pinions. Pure love clad earth in brightness, and the faith of the Gospel made it as the gate of heaven.

Winter resumed its sway. Ample fires diffused warmth through the spacious apartments appropriated to the Countess Dowager of Lincoln, and the evening lamp revealed her in close conversation with the young earl.

"My lord, I have no doubt that this reference to me is but an idle ceremony. Young people make up their minds about matrimony, and then consult their elders, merely to give countenance to their choice. Yet I must say, that I deem you no very vigilant guardian of the noble blood of our house. Your own meek bride, the daughter of the Lord Say, I like well. The marriage of Frances with Sir Ferdinando Gorges I approved; but I never sanctioned that of Susan with Mr. Humphrey; and now it seems you advocate the suit of another commoner, and that to the most beautiful of your sisters."

"Mr. Johnson, madam, is my friend. His love is reciprocated by Arabella. It was not the question of their union which I wished to submit to you, but one still more trying. You know, dear and honored

lady, that the signs of the times are dark. Religious liberty is invaded, and portents of revolution are abroad. Attention has been turned to our American colonies as a place of refuge in case these fears should be realized. It has been deemed expedient that they receive accessions of men of wealth, influence, and education. Such are ready to proceed thither. Among them, Mr. Johnson has received a high appointment in the government of New England. He has accepted, and, of course—"

"*Of course* what, my Lord of Lincoln? *Of course*, Arabella is to have a hut on that bleak shore, and, should she chance to escape the perils of the sea, may either die of starvation, or be scalped and eaten by savages. Has her mode of life fitted her for such hardships?"

"It has not; but in her soul is a heroic courage, a holy desire to do good. My revered father, your beloved son, would have strengthened her in this self-devotion. Methinks I hear his voice from the mansions of celestial joy, 'Daughter, go, and the Lord be with thee.'"

A chord was touched, to which the heart of the aged countess ever responded. The image of her son still ruled her spirit with a magician's power. Her voice grew tremulous as she inquired,

"Has the mother consented?"

"She freely gives her darling to the great duties which she has chosen, and to God, in whom she has believed. Let her cheerful resignation be our ex-

ample. Will you give me permission to bring Arabella to receive your blessing, ere you retire to repose?"

He left the room, and soon re-entered, leading his sister. She knelt at the feet of her father's mother, and buried her face in the deep, rich folds of her garment. The pride of the aged countess was vanquished by this affectionate and lamb-like deportment. Tears coursed down her withered cheeks as she laid both her hands upon her head, and whispered, "God bless thee, my poor child! God Almighty bless thee!"

Spring began to breathe upon the frosts; but she wrought tardily, as if her heart was elsewhere, or as if she even bore traitorous likeness to the winter she had promised to subdue. The sigh of her fitful winds added sadness to the parting scene in the castle of the Earl of Lincoln. There a young bride, around whom the spell of loveliness was wrapped as a mantle, bade adieu to the objects of her earliest love. She had taken her last look from every window on each feature of the landscape; she had stood under the ancestral oaks, and blessed them for the many times they had taken her lovingly under their canopy; and lingered among her flower-beds, though only the snow-drop and the crocus came forth to bid her farewell.

And now, the last hour had come. Inexpressibly tender, yet calm as a seraph, was her parting from the aged countess, and her brothers and sisters;

though the two youngest ones, in whose sports she had mingled, while she aided in their education, clung sobbing to her garments. A second time she threw her arms around her eldest brother.

"My noble brother, thou hast been to me as a father. Heaven reward thee!"

Still she paused. The most bitter drop in the cup remained. She evidently shrank from it. Yet it was but for a moment, and that moment was a prayer. Then she flung herself upon the neck of her mother. Long and tearful was that embrace. And then the beautiful being raised her head like a lily from the rain-storm. There was a murmured solace, each to the other, as they parted,

"In that brighter world, sweet soul, in that brighter world!"

Ships were riding at anchor on a thronged shore. There were tender partings, sad separations of "linked spirits" ere the sails spread, and glided gracefully along their path of waters. Then burst forth a strain of music, solemn, sonorous, the hymn of the pilgrims. It grew sweeter and more faint on the distance. A freshening gale swept its cadence from the listeners on the strand. But the enthusiasm of the moment died not away, among those voyagers to the far western world. Unblenching spirits were there, stayed upon omnipotent strength.

In a recess of the cabin of the principal ship sat the bride of Johnson. He knelt beside her. Her face, veiled by its wealth of tresses, rested upon his

shoulder. As she raised it, there was the calm expression of a holy trust.

"Think not, my love, that my heart misgave me, because it so clung in the last embrace to her who watched over my cradle; for, as my Redeemer liveth, I had rather thus follow thee over the sea to a home in the wilderness, than, without thee, to dwell in the courts of princes. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

As she spoke, her tender tones gathered depth, and light streamed through her eyes from the altar of a fervent soul. The voice of him who responded was choked with emotion.

"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. Yet the vow of the Moabitess is weak. Death shall not separate us. It will be but the dawn of a brighter day, of an eternal union."

Slowly the patient vessels ploughed the deep. The second moon was approaching its wane. Its rays silvered the broad Atlantic. Many of the emigrants paced the deck, gazing upon the quiet scene.

"See," said Johnson, whose arm supported the fragile form of his wife, "how every rising billow takes a portion of brightness, and bowing its laden crest, is seen no more."

"Methinks we are long upon these waters," uttered a deep, manly voice. Turning, they saw Winthrop, the appointed Governor of the Massachusetts, stand-

ing in the strong shadow of a mast, against which he leaned.

"Were my Margaret thus by my side, Johnson, I might moralize like you about the tossing ocean, and still keep my happiness secure."

"I see not here your son, young Henry Winthrop," said the Lady Arabella. "I thought he was to have been of our company."

"He was left behind when we sailed from the Cowes. Doubtless, he is now upon the wide sea in some one of the fourteen vessels that compose our fleet. I regret the mistake that separated him from me."

"An eye that never slumbers will look with a fatherly care upon both."

"Ever ready art thou, with sweet and devout consolations, my Lady Arabella. But a parent hath many cares which the newly-wedded comprehend not."

"Truly, Henry Winthrop is a sprightly youth, and of an amiable spirit."

"From his very accomplishments, his faults do grow. He is warm-hearted and trustful. Impatient is he, also, and balanceth not means with ends. He hath been some time married, and yet is he but a boy. Had he the gravity and discretion of John, my first-born, I should feel no anxiety though he were a voyager among strangers, or even with evil men."

"Do you not often think of your babes, sporting under the shady trees of their fair home at Groton?"

"I see them in my dreams; their little voices come to me like the chirping of young birds. And at midnight my prayer goes upward that He who forgetteth not the raven's nest will keep them and their loving, brooding mother."

"See how the Talbot seems to sleep upon the waters," said Dudley, joining their group. "I saw the Ambrose when the sun went down, looming up, large and high, like a living thing. A sharp look-out do I keep upon our three companions, pioneers as we are in this expedition. But none cut the waves with such dignity as the Arabella. Feels she not the honor of the name she bears?"

"I have ever thought," said the Lady Arabella, "that her old name, the Eagle, was fitter for an admiral-ship, because the king of birds doth bear himself so nobly. But look how the Jewel, our light-bearer, runs before us toward yon dark-lined cloud, like a glow-worm."

"The evening air grows chill, my love," said Johnson. "It would be safest to be sheltered from it;" and he wrapped his cloak around her as she descended, with a nursing tenderness.

"I like not that circle around the waning moon," said Winthrop to the captain.

"It bodes no good, governor. God grant us soon to see the fair New England coast."

The next morning lowering clouds skirted the horizon. Winds muttered in the distance, and slowly rose, as if for vengeful deeds. The ships tossed

wildly. Night closed in with thick darkness, save when lightnings pierced its sable canopy. Every timber creaked and groaned. It would seem that the ships themselves, in pain, mourned the misery of those whom, having received to their bosom, they were too weak to succor.

To the uninitiated, the tumult of a storm at sea is ever appalling. Shut below, they hear the fearful conflict of blast with billow, the moan of the smitten vessel, the shriek of the commander's trumpet, the cry and confusion of the people, who are at their wits' end. The "thunder of the captain's, and the shouting," alarm the poor novices, and the crashing of every spar is to them as a death signal. Neither are their apprehensions quieted, if, venturing to look above, they see the sailors running hither and thither with their dim lights, or climbing, with spectral aspect, among the slippery shrouds.

In the cabin of the Arabella, friends and families were clustering together. From many an agonized group rose the wail of grief, the weeping of childhood, or the voice of prayer.

"Husband," said the Lady Arabella, "if our bed is now in the deep, our spirits shall go up together, and so be forever with the Lord. Glorious hope! How much sweeter to me than the thought of having thee first taken, and living on lonely years of bitterness without thee."

"Would to God, my dearest, in this most awful hour, thy calmness was mine. Would that no strong

desire of life with thee, no memory of unrepented sin, rose up to trouble the soul."

He clasped her closer to his bosom, as though he would fain shield her from the surge, which they expected soon to ingulf them.

"Why dost thou withdraw from me, love? It is impossible for thee to stand, while the ship so terribly rolls and plunges."

She pointed him to a female who lay in the deep sickness of fear, and whose wailing infant had fallen from her arms. She desired to receive it in her own, and Johnson laid it there. She pressed its little chill cheek to hers, and lulled it with a low, whispered melody. The poor innocent moaned for a while, then, clinging closer to its protector, seemed ready to pass into a peaceful dream.

"Dearest, let me take the child, or restore it to its mother. Its weight oppresses you."

"Oh no, so please you, let it rest here. See, the poor mother is almost as helpless as itself. How its little hand clasps mine! It will be pleasanter to die giving comfort to something, even the humblest creature. How much pleasanter than worn out with disease, and distressing others by groans and agony. Is it not so, my love?"

But he who was thus addressed, lingering on her pure, heavenly smile, answered not. His heart was absorbed in her, and in her danger. The hope of life was not perfectly renounced, and the being who made it most dear filled every thought.

All that night, and through the next day, the tempest raged. Then its violence abated, and the sob of the sea, for many hours, was like that of a spent maniac. The storm-driven vessels sought to draw near each other, to consult how their rent sails, shattered cordage, and broken masts, might be best repaired.

The sun of the third day rose cloudless from the deep. It was the Sabbath. What soothing repose, what unutterable gratitude did it bring to hearts so long agitated and sorrowing.

The deck of the Arabella was cleared for divine service. Two clergymen, the Rev. Mr. John Wilson, and the Rev. Mr. George Phillips, were of their company. One led the devotions of the people in a long and fervent prayer, the other rose to speak from the words of the Psalmist,

"He maketh a storm, a calm; so He bringeth them to their desired haven."

After opening, and applying the beautiful passage to their recent danger and deliverance, he exclaimed,

"What favored orator hath such magnificent sounding-board as your preacher? What proud cathedral hath such canopy as yon blue, unsullied, immeasurable skies?

"Who hath such an audience? The huge billows, and the domineering waves that lash them, and the monsters of the deep that play around us; the whale, lifting up his huge bulk like an island, and the shark

with his terrible teeth, who following, would fain devour us, did not God stay him.

"Again, I say, who hath such an audience? Exiles from the home of their fathers; crusaders, without the red cross banner, not stirred up by monkish eloquence to fight the infidels for the tomb of Christ, but going to tell the roving and red-browed heathen, that Jesus died. I see before me the governor and deputy-governor of the future colony, the worshipful assistants, who are to share in the cares of government, the pillars of the Church, the parents of an unborn nation, the babe born upon the waters, the mother who is to nurse her offspring in a land unknown; pilgrims, strangers, yet princely heirs of an inheritance that fadeth not away."

With a freedom from constraint, which their situation justified, he spoke tenderly of their native realm, of Charles, their monarch, then in the fifth year of his troubled reign, and expatiated on the past, the present, and the future, till the tears of memory and of hope mingled on many a lifted brow. His hearers shrank not from the multiplied heads of his discourse, nor were anxious lest its length should weary them, but treasured up the "precious word of doctrine as seed that was to fructify in their souls," living bread that could sustain them in the wilderness.

Still long days and wearisome nights were appointed to the voyagers. How often was the desired coast hailed in imagination only to resolve itself into a cloud again. Once, at the peep of dawn, a cry from

the helm of "*Land ahead!*" brought upon the deck a rush of footsteps. Pale, haggard faces saw the object of their desire, and brightened with joy.

Soon after was a clapping of hands, and a cry of young voices, "The bird! the bird!" A pigeon from the shore folded its weary wing, and alighted among the shrouds. The children regarded it with delight, as, turning its head from side to side, it revealed the changing shades of its irised neck. They crumbled their stale bread, which the long voyage had rendered scanty, and strove to allure to nearer companionship this pretty aerial messenger from the New World.

"Oh! wife, dearest one," said Johnson, "scent you not the sweet land breeze?"

"It comes to me like the breath of my own garden, where I sported with my little sisters. It lifts a weight from my spirit." And she clasped her thin, white hands in silent devotion.

They came to anchor in a narrow strait, between islands whose green copses and thickets, seemed to eyes which had so long gazed but upon sea and sky, like the waving shades of Gerizzim to the Israelites.

"Is not this one of the happiest days of our lives?" said Dudley, as the barque cut the waters which was to bear them to their new home. "Seventy-five days' confinement on ship-board is long enough for a landsman."

"How count you, Governor Dudley?" asked the Lady Arabella. "I scarcely dare to question your

accuracy, but yet, from April 6th to this blessed 12th of June, 1630, I make but sixty-seven days."

"Ah! dear lady, you are thinking of your lover-like walks with Isaac Johnson amid the picturesque scenery of the Isle of Wight, where you stopped to refresh yourselves. But remember, only a few partook that privilege. We, poor matter-of-fact people, who went not on shore since we weighed anchor at the Coves on the 29th of March, have we not been these seventy-five good days and nights on the salt sea? Cupid may make his notes on a rose-leaf, or a butterfly's wing, but deprived husbands, or still sadder bachelors, must needs notch our records on the dull log-book of lonely hearts."

Salem, where they landed, was pleasant, even in its scarce-unfolded rudiments. Endicot and his people, had labored there diligently, and judiciously. Their welcome to the new-comers was warm, and they gladly lent every aid in their power, to comfort and accommodate them. One by one, the other vessels of the fleet arrived. In the course of that year, seventeen were sent from the mother country, with rich accessions to the colony.

A fortnight had elapsed since the arrival of the Arabella, when a group were observed coming from the water with slow, sad step. Evidently they were bearing the dead. Suppressed murmurs rose here and there: "The poor governor! such a beautiful young man! only yesterday arrived — drowned in bathing! Who can bear the news to his father?"

Ere they were aware, Winthrop stood among them. There lay his son, whom but the day before he had welcomed in the bloom of health. For a moment he was pale as the clay over which he bent. The bereavement sank into his soul, and he sought his God. He was long in solitary prayer. From that time he spoke not of his sorrow. He gave himself day by day to those cares for the colony which, from his high station, devolved on him. But at night, in his lone recess, the image of the fair youth, with his dripping locks, cut down in a moment, came over him, and the cry of "Oh, Henry! my son! my son!" showed how the unbending magistrate melted in the agonized father.

Rude were the habitations that sheltered the early colonists. In one of these, with a countenance lighted up by cheerfulness and love, Lady Arabella Johnson received her husband on his return from a short but toilsome journey. Such comforts as she could procure were around them; and, while she presided at their rude table, she listened with delighted interest to the narrative of his expedition.

"Separation from you but for one day, how painful, dearest Arabella. Earnestly did I long for you by my own side, July 30th, amid those solemn exercises in which we made covenant with God. It was beneath the lofty canopy of a broad-spreading oak in Charlestown that our pastor, John Wilson, prayed and preached with a holy fervor. Then he, with the Governors Winthrop, Dudley, and myself, taking sol-

emn vows, laid the foundation of our infant Church. It was a season to repay us for every hardship, every toil, yea, to lift the soul gloriously above the earth. How I regret that the laborious traveling in this uncleared land, prevents thy participation in scenes thou wouldst so much enjoy."

But there existed a deeper reason why the affectionate wife should not accompany her husband. It was written on her wasting brow, in the strange and fitful brilliance of her eye. Still he, who was most of all concerned in this change, was the last to perceive it. Her sweet smile, her animated manner, whenever he was near, deceived him. He, indeed, could not fail to observe the emaciation of her frame; but he imputed it to the long, tedious voyage, an effect, in some degree, common to them all. Zealously, and with the sleepless ingenuity of love, he strove to shelter her from every privation. It affected him sometimes even to tears, to see her sustain the strong contrasts between her present and former modes of life, with a spirit as lucid and playful as the sunbeam.

But, as the summer verged toward its close, he became alarmed at a debility which she could no longer conceal. Then his apprehensions wrought painfully with regard to the approaching winter.

"I shall rear thee a bower, my love, which no blast can penetrate. The imperishable heart of yon mighty forest-trees shall be its walls, and I will line it with the warmest fur of the beaver. Winter shall not

dare to look at thee, my bird, in the nest that I shall build thee."

"Be not anxious about me, dearest husband. This rude hut is more precious to me than the proudest castle without thee. I bless God for having brought me to this New World."

He was troubled at the paleness of her brow, and drew her head to rest upon his bosom, as he said,

"I am ever hoping for the day when thou canst travel with me to the beautiful tri-mountain, where I trust to persuade the governor to establish our principal city. As yet there is no residence upon it save the lonely cottage of William Blackstone. But the softness of its peninsular verdure, and its swell above the blue waters, is picturesque beyond description."

Raising upward, and fixing her eyes, she murmured, "Behold, I see a more goodly mountain. Are not yonder the 'trees of lign-aloes, which the Lord hath planted?' Or are they the groves by my father's house, under whose shade I reposed, and through whose boughs the trembling moonbeams looked down?"

Startled at her hollow tone, the fearful thought for the first time swept over his soul, that the young and beautiful wife was about to go home to the country of perfect love.

It was so. That strong pressure of her hand was the death-clasp. There was no farewell save a moan, in which the spirit had no part. It seemed but the

passing forth of breath from tubes where it had long made music, or the sigh of a closed instrument, vibrating for a moment after melody had forsaken it.

And there sat the survivor, with the precious burden in his arms, the marble cheek resting against his own. Expect us not to describe his grief, nor the mourning of the colony over its benefactress and its pride.

The desolated one lifted feebly his head from the grave of his idol, to discharge the duties that devolved upon him. The welfare of a young country struggling into existence, and the relief of poverty and sorrow, were his cares. He sustained them faithfully, and in the spirit of meekness, but for pleasure on earth he sought not.

It was on the 7th of September, 1631, that the beautiful site of his selection received the name of Boston. He was present at its baptism. But so changed! It was evident to all observers that he only endured life. For every service of liberality or piety he girded himself, but his heart was with the treasure that had flown.

Ere another autumnal moon had filled its horn, the turf where he had projected a garden and a bower for his beloved companion, was laid upon his breast. The father of Boston gave to its Chapel-burying-ground the first hallowed dust.

The lives of our colonial ancestors abound not in romantic adventure. Yet they are rich in example, and in such traces as the heart cherishes with

pride. And if the name of Cecrops, through the dim and distant wastes of time, hath come down to us, burning like a "bright, particular star," as the founder of Athens, let not *his* name be forgotten who planted in the western wild our crowning city, the Athens of New England.

MARY RICE.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

WORDSWORTH.

MARY RICE.

A FAIR girl was getting water at a spring. It bubbled up, clear as crystal, in its bed of shelving rock. All around was in the deep solitude of nature. The path to the fountain was imperfectly wrought out by the track of feet, amid the tangled thicket. The unpeopled wild was overshadowed by dense masses of forest-trees, which were now glowing with the rich tints of a New England autumn, softened by the slant rays of a declining sun.

But the being who alone gave life to this landscape, bore no brow of hermit or of ascetic. Apparently between sixteen and seventeen, her fully-rounded form combined strength with the grace of early womanhood. The beauty of health spoke through her fine complexion and unconstrained movement, while her hazel eye beamed with a cheerful courage, as if, from the habit of looking on the bright side of things, it had gathered brightness. The light of her glad spirit seemed to flow forth and mingle with the pure sunbeam, that was streaming through every nook and glade of the wilderness.

Suddenly a boy, younger than herself, made his way through the interwoven copse-wood. "Mary Rice! sister! why did you not tell me that you need-

ed water from the spring? It is not my will and pleasure that you should be either a hewer of wood or a drawer of water."

Regarding him with an affectionate smile as she resigned her burden to him, they began to ascend together a long and steep hill. Then a voice of clear, rich music broke the silence.

"Brother mine, I have thought of late that there was sadness on your brow. Am I right?"

"Yes, to be sure. How can it be otherwise in this strange, lone place. I have never been contented, the whole year that we have lived here. I wonder why father removed from our old home in Marlborough. It was far pleasanter there, where we could see some other smoke besides our own, go curling up into the blue sky. Here, if you take a walk into the woods—and there is nowhere else to walk—the deadly snake shakes its rattle at you, or some serpent darts out a forked tongue, while the only music is the howling of wolves, or the wild cat purring in its lair."

"Except the merry song of birds. Open your ears just a moment now, to their melody. They seem to be pouring out a full chorus, perhaps for our especial benefit, perhaps their own sweet good-night to each other."

"The birds and you are particular friends, I perceive. As for me, I think more of the war-whoop of Indians. It is rather singular that father should choose to settle on the very spot where they mur-

dered Serjent, and carried his family away captive. They would naturally come to the old place again when they prowl for prey. Now you need not look so sharp at me, Madam Rice, as though you took me for a coward. I tell you, if the worst comes to the worst, you'll find me as good a soldier as ever taught the red-skins how to skulk back to their wigwams."

"In the mean time, bold brother, let us try to be happy, and to make others so. Is it not the duty of us, who are young, to help and cheer our parents, and not hang like mill-stones around their necks, to sink them in deeper waters?"

"Many thanks for your sermon, most reverend teacher. It is right good and wholesome doctrine. But if Uncle Gershom Rice should remove here, as I understand he talks of doing, and my eyes behold another roof among yonder tall, gloomy trees, so that we are not quite cast out from all the world beside, it would vastly add to the force of your exhortations."

"Dear brother, as long as there is love in our own hearts for each other and our Father in heaven, let us not displease Him by complaining. Come, cheer up for my sake. I dare say you'll live to see this fine country full of people. Who knows but a future race will number you among its very worthy and renowned ancestors. Will not that be some payment for fighting rattlesnakes, and running away from bears and panthers? Come, my soldier that is to be, bring us fresh milk from the cow, and see what a nice supper I'll spread for you."

And the tender, earnest kiss which she pressed on the brow of the boy, rekindled that blessed strength which springs from the certainty of being beloved. As he turned from her, she called playfully after him,

"Don't forget to put up our few sheep securely for the night, from the visits of your particular friends, the wolves. And look you, come back with a pleasant face. It mightily helps on the work of the family."

They parted at the door of a rude habitation, the only one for miles. Its owner, Mr. Jonas Rice, a man of singular firmness and intrepidity, resided here with a large family of children, of whom Mary was the eldest. He was literally the father of the settlement; for, though an attempt to plant it had been made nearly forty years before, the settlers were soon dispersed through dread of the natives, and the hardships of colonial life. After the death of King Philip, and the cessation of the wars that he sustained, another effort was instituted, which also proved abortive.

A small tenement had been erected twelve years before, near the site of the present lonely dwelling; but it was soon destroyed by hostile Indians, and its inmates massacred or made captive. To Mr. Rice, therefore, belongs the honorary title of the father of Worcester. Much would it have cheered him, amid toil and peril, might he have caught a prophetic glance of its present beauty, with its fair structures, its anti-

quarian halls, its polished society, and its flourishing schools, pulsating in full prosperity, like a busy heart in the bosom of its rich territory.

As Mary Rice entered their humble abode, a concord of young voices greeted her. A flock of children were gathered round the fire, which the chill of an autumnal eve rendered acceptable. One little girl was bemoaning a finger torn by a thorn. The good sister bound up the wound, and comforted her, enjoining upon all to be quiet, and not disturb their mother, who, with feeble health, had charge of a very young infant. She herself fed, and lulled to needful rest a child of two summers, and then, with elastic step and skillful hand, busied herself in preparations for the evening meal.

The table of rough boards was soon covered with a coarse white cloth, in whose spinning and bleaching her industry had aided that of the mother. The light corn-cakes and fresh butter were of her own making. Large clusters of the native grape, now fully ripe, were added by the care of her young brothers. And as she arranged the simple viands, and poured out the pure milk, her face was radiant with that joy which gives health to the heart; a consciousness of making those whom it loves comfortable and happy.

The father came home from his work, and, raising his hands, implored Heaven's blessing upon the household board. By his side sat the meek and cherished wife, pale, but convalescent; and while the

children partook, nothing loath, of the refreshment provided, the hum of their voices, reverently lowered in the parental presence, was like the music of a bee-hive.

The repast finished, they drew around the blazing fire. Young eyes turned spontaneously to Mary's sweet, cheerful face, as buds to the sunbeam.

"Tell me a story," said one, "as you do, when we have been good, about him who slew the giant with a sling, and the smooth stones from the brook."

"And about the gleaner who gathered sheaves in the field to feed her poor mother."

"And sing us some of those sweet songs that you sing when the great wheel goes round, where you spin the wool for our stockings, and our warm winter clothes."

"It is time for your own evening hymn, and to go to sleep, my little ones," said the kind sister, holding the young babe for them all to kiss, and then placing it tenderly in the father's arms.

There was a low, buzzing whisper among the children, and close approximation of heads, as if in a cabinet council. At length a chubby girl, who had sometimes been called the favorite of her sire, taking courage from that flattery, stood up close beside his knee and said,

"Father! we children want to know what you are going to call the baby."

"His name is Adonijah," was the emphatic reply. Then, still more slowly, as if dictating for a family

record, he repeated, "*Ad-o-ni-jah* Rice, born November 7th, 1714, at Sagatabscot Hill, Worcester, in the Bay State."

Whereat young eyes opened wider, and small heads bobbed up and down, and here and there a lisping tongue essayed the burden of the mighty name. But the youngest framed their lips in vain to the wonderful cognomen, and looked with new pride on each other, and on the puny infant so unconscious of its magnificent heritage.

"That is just the grandest name I ever did hear," said the child whose successful diplomacy had drawn it from the paternal treasure-house.

"Father must have read all the books of history in the world, to have it ready so, the very minute he is asked."

"Sister Mary says it's in the Bible."

"Yes," answered one of the older children, "it is the name of a man in Israel who was crowned king."

"I wonder if our baby won't be a crowned king when he grows up?"

"King, I dare say, over the rattlesnakes and wolves of Sagatabscot Hill," murmured the querulous brother.

Now came the singing of their simple hymn, in which every little one, quietly seated, and with a countenance composed to gravity, mingled an uplifted voice. Then the good sister, bending over their pillows, heard each utter the prayer in which the devotion of childhood, half slumber and half

trust, had wrapped itself for ages. Perhaps the scenery of their dreams was that night varied by the image of their baby brother, with the unspeakable name. Fancy, however, doubtless failed in presenting the picture that time unfolded—the first-born son of Worcester, in the garb, and with the dauntless bearing of a soldier, jeoparding his life at the siege of Louisburg; or, amid the carnage of West Point, solacing himself, in the interval of many campaigns, with the comforts of his home amid the Green Mountains of Vermont; or, after the independence of his country was secured, passing on within the limits of another century, and bearing on his hoary head with honor the weight of almost ninety winters.

In the course of a few evenings, one of those sudden changes that mark the climate of New England brought a tempest of snow, wildly sweeping over the earth. The family grouped themselves around a fire of huge logs, that imparted a strong heat and ruddy flame. The father was busied in examining for one of his sons some arithmetical exercises, made with a fragment of chalk upon a slab of slate-stone. In the long, quiet evenings, he pursued with the older children a system of instruction, which Mary, during the day, as household duties permitted, modified for the younger; a system which afterward, as population increased, he was induced to carry out more efficiently, as the first preceptor of the infant settlement. Such was the high regard for education among our ancestors, that, ere it was possible to es-

tablish schools in the wilderness, the fireside was a school, and themselves teachers, of the rudiments of knowledge and the fear of God.

The little ones were gathered in a circle, murmuring in subdued tones, or listening to their elders. Mary pressed the new-born infant to her bosom as though it were her own, and the mother, who sat by her side plying the knitting-needles, said tenderly,

"Children, do you hear how the storm rages? When the blast strikes the tall forest trees, they groan as if in pain or fear. Shall we not love the good God who shelters us, and spares our life and health?"

She had scarcely done speaking, when one exclaimed,

"Father! do I hear footsteps around the house? The dog pricks up his ears as if he thought something was wrong."

The fine large dog, who had been carrying on his back the youngest girl until she grew weary of sport, and then stretched himself before the fire to sleep, was seen occasionally to start and listen; then, as if satisfied that his vigilance was misplaced, laid his broad head upon the warm hearth again. Now he sprang up growling, and rushed from corner to corner of the room, with his nose to the floor, as if searching for some crevice in the walls, and then made his stand at the door, barking violently.

The husband, perceiving the faint color leave the lips of his invalid wife, spoke of the hoarse echo of the storm, and bade the dog be still.

"But, father, father, I hear the moan of a human voice. Some one is there, and in distress. Shall I open the door?"

The thoughtful colonist was not ignorant that the Indians often counterfeited the wail of suffering, as well as the howl of the wolf, when intent on cruelty. Anxious not prematurely to alarm the mother, in whose mind the tragedy once enacted on that spot was ever vivid, he saw with satisfaction that his gun, ready loaded, was at his hand, and that the elder boys came resolutely to his side, grasping such weapons as they had been trained to wield. Mary, with a clear, calm brow, sheltered the little ones, who flew to her, and threw one arm around her mother, speaking in a cheering voice, words of comfort.

"Sister Mary knows how to load and fire as well as any body," said a boy of five. "She can take aim too, for I've seen her practicing, and I'll help her, and fight for her, as long as I live;" breaking from the circle of alarmed little ones.

There was a brief interval of breathless anxiety. Separated for miles from any other habitation, who could think of approaching their premises amid the howling of such a pitiless storm, except some savage horde intent on massacre? Footsteps were now distinctly heard, and a voice which the howling blasts made unintelligible. Every hand except that of infant weakness grasped some defensive weapon, and the feeble mother, inspired with courage, rose up

and wrapped her young babe for flight, speaking in her heart to the God of strength.

A lull of the loud tempest made earnest words audible.

"Have pity! Oh, have pity! My father was murdered here. I have escaped from the Indians. I am Thomas Serjent. Give me shelter, ere I perish."

The door flew open. A youth partially clad in Indian costume, and half enveloped in blinding and adhesive snows, entered with feeble steps. A momentary excitement lighted up his wan countenance, and "God bless you!" trembled on his lips. Then he sank exhausted and fainting to the floor. The alarmed family chafed his temples and rubbed his chilled limbs, eagerly essaying every means of restoration. When somewhat revived and comforted by the warmth of the fire, and nutriment cautiously administered, to which he seemed to have been long a stranger, but, more than all, cheered by expressions of human kindness, his sad heart expanded, and he would fain have related his story, with mingled sobs of gratitude and grief.

But they forbade, and insisted on his retiring to that rest which he so much needed. That night the prayers of the father, in the midst of his kneeling dear ones, went up with unusual fervor to Him who had graciously overruled their fears, and, instead of the ruthless savage, brought to their humble dwelling the exile and the orphan, that they might do him good.

The pale and care-worn face of their guest, gradually assumed the hue of health and happiness. Invited by the master of the habitation to remain as one of his own children, until something better should offer for him, his gratitude to his benefactor knew no bounds. All labor and service were counted joy, and an added sense of security in their lonely situation was derived from his presence. Portions of his history, which from time to time he related, and whose features of death and sorrow were but too familiar to the ears of our early settlers, awakened among the fireside listeners strong emotions of sympathy.

"It was in such a fearful storm as that from which I found shelter under your blessed roof, that the savages attacked my father's habitation. He had been warned of the peril of dwelling in so solitary a spot, while proofs of Indian depredation and massacre seemed to multiply in the land. But he had become attached to the fields which he cultured, and his nature knew no fear. It had become mid-winter, and the cold was intense. The darkness of a tempestuous night gathered around us in the wilderness, yet the five children sat happily with their parents at the fireside, while the wild snows fell, and the forest shivered at the shrieking blast.

"We fancied that we heard, at first, sounds as of the prowling wolf. Then the door was cleft by the Indian tomahawk. My father rushed forward with his gun to defend his family, and fell, covered with

gashes, a lifeless corpse. They drove my mother and her children out into the tempest. She folded in her bosom the youngest, little Mary, a sickly babe, not two years old, and began, at their command, a toilsome march through the drifted snows. We were about to ascend a steep hill, when, oppressed with grief and misery, and weak from ill health, she fell in the rear of the train. The leader of the party paused, and, not appearing to notice her, bent his keen eye into the depths of the forest, as if descrying game, or apprehensive of pursuit.

"Thus the whole file passed by, and when the wearied woman came slowly on with her deep heart-wail, and her head bowed down upon the face of her little one, a single stroke from his hatchet laid her low. The affrighted child rolled from her arms. As if something like pity dwelt in their savage natures, they took up the poor babe, who was creeping to cling again to its dead mother, and wrapped it in their blanket, and gave it parched corn, and told it not to cry. I was permitted to lead by the hand my sister Martha, a child of four summers, while my two brothers, eight and ten years old, were forced on in front. We were separated ere we reached the borders of Canada, and I saw them no more. Whether they all fell a prey to the tomahawk, or to the lingering pains of Indian captivity, or whether that still worse fate befell them, of adopting the hateful customs of Roman and pagan life, is known only to that God who, through stern trials of bereavement, fam-

ine, and misery, so mercifully led me to this ark of refuge."

A burst of sorrow closed his narrative. Yet at different times resuming it, he depicted the hardships of his own lot amid Canadian wilds—the strange mixture of noble traits with degrading cruelty, that often marks the character of the aboriginal American, and the remarkable providences that favored him in effecting his escape, during a nightly revel, when his usually watchful masters ventured from their northern clime to explore the interior of New England, having been lulled to security by his apparent contentment during a captivity of twelve years.

Reinforced by this youth, the industrious settler, with his two eldest boys, vigorously pursued the toils preparatory to winter's comfort, which were facilitated by the return of a brief interval of mild weather. In the house was heard the clear voice of a happy child,

"Mary, sister Mary, you promised us, if we would learn our lessons well for a whole week, to take a walk with us, and gather nuts on some fine day. Have we not been good? See! the snow is all gone, and the sun shines bright and warm. The squirrels have been busy so long in carrying the nuts to their houses, that we shall scarcely get our part."

"So you wish to rob the poor squirrels. Your brothers have already been beforehand with them, and secured quite a hoard. But I surely gave you such a promise, dear little scholars. And as you have kept your part of the contract, I must not fail

in mine. If our mother consents, we will go early this afternoon with our baskets, a rare party of gleaners."

They leaped and shouted for joy. How happy is childhood with simple pleasures, ere the tastes of artificial life tinge and trammel its enjoyments. Autumn, which had been unusually changeable, sometimes fostering the misty, luxuriant loveliness of the Indian summer, and anon breaking out in the harsh, fitful caprices of winter, was now taking a final farewell. It moved mournfully, like one bearing adversity, and musing upon lost wealth. It seemed to be contrasting the memory of golden harvests with the penury of naked trees and frost-bound earth, while the cold, blue streams, ready to become ice, mocked at its broken sway and departed glory.

But no such sad reflections oppressed the merry troop who bounded through the forest glade. Their glad hearts made the drear landscape beautiful. They indeed found themselves rather too late for the autumnal spoil of nuts, yet occasionally a few were discovered, over which they exceedingly rejoiced.

At length, the careful elder sister warned them that it was time to return home. Just then a strange sound in the thicket alarmed them, and through tangled branches they saw two large, glaring eyes of a panther. He at first seemed in a quiescent state, but rising leisurely, prepared to move toward them. Mary, seizing the two youngest children by the hand, and bidding the others not to separate from

her, fled with breathless speed. The frightful creature followed, not with rapid pace, but steadfastly; his feet patting among the rustling leaves and fallen underwood, and his cat-like breathing convinced them that he was near. As if sure of his prey, he glided quietly along, till, growing excited in the pursuit, he gained upon them, and reaching a more open place, seemed crouching for a spring. Mary, with her flying group, turned a short angle to a more closely-wooded path, illusively hoping that if the leap were in a right line, they might thus avoid it.

At that moment was heard the sharp report of a rifle. The huge monster sprang high in air, uttering a shrill cry, and then, with a deep, prolonged growl, rolled and quivered in tides of blood.

A stately Indian emerged from the forest. The dread of captivity gave new speed to the fugitives. A commanding yet gentle voice arrested their flight.

"Stay! I will not hurt a hair of your heads. Poor tremblers! Ye are taught to hate alike the wild beast and the Indian. Look! Did not the Indian slay the fierce creature that would have destroyed you? Go now in peace, and when you reach your home, say that the outcast Indian saved you."

Tears of gratitude flowed over the face of the young girl. Yet strange awe enchained her tongue, so that she could scarcely articulate "Thanks! thanks!"

Rushing feet approached. The sound of the rifle spread alarm, and Jonas Rice, with all the efficient

members of his family, flew in arms to the spot. A little girl hasted to meet them.

"Oh father! father! *he* saved our lives. He killed the dreadful beast. He, the good red Indian."

What painter could have sketched that group on the verge of the forest. In the center, the excited father, his vengeful purpose suddenly checked, clasping the little daughter who had borne the embassy of peace, like the dove with the olive leaf, over the heaving deluge; by his side, his two sons, gazing on the monster, still writhing in its death-gasp; and the rescued youth shading his eyes with his hand, as if forbidden by innate hatred to look upon an Indian except as a foe.

Opposite was the red man, erect and lofty, his temples sprinkled with gray. Mary stood near him, pale as marble, yet more beautiful than ever, with holy emotions; two fair children clung to her side, and a little one of three summers, hid its sweet face in her garments.

The stately chieftain, resting on his rifle, spoke as one in sadness, yet with a firm tone.

"White man, these forest lands were my fathers'. I roam here this day, a stranger and alone, yet not unarmed. Since thy people came among us, we have need of such weapons. With mine have I saved the lambs of thy flock. Take them back to thy fold, and when ye too much hate the poor Indian, remember that he slew them not."

Tears glistened in the eyes of the father. He stretched out his hand: "Come, come to my house, that we may bless you there."

"Sagamore John enters not the cabin of any white man. The ghosts of his fathers murmur at midnight that he is the enemy of their race. This hand hath shed their blood; yes, the blood of fighting men. But that of the woman and the babe hath not stained my garments.

"Sagamore John is old. His head used to tower among the warriors, like Wachusett above the hills. Now the snows that settle upon it melt not away when spring returneth. The blood that used to burn in his breast at the sight of thy fighting men is like the brook that the frost overtaketh. What have I to hope or to fear any more from man?

"Go now, if thou wilt, to thy governor, and denounce me. I read hatred in the eye of one nearest to thy side. Drag me, if thou canst, before thy courts. At their word have my people been shot down like dogs, with none to bury them. I, too, have been in their prisons. I know the mercies of white men. But my soul defieth their power. Brave, and without shame, shall it go to the shades of its fathers."

And he drew himself up haughtily to his full height, while his brow enkindled with a chieftain's pride. Mary laid her hand upon his arm, and said,

"We bless you; we will pray for you to our God."

His fiery eye grew calm, and assumed its native coldness.

"Thy soul is beautiful, though thou art of that pale race whose hearts are hollow and cold. Knowest thou that I have seen the teacher Eliot, that old, good man? He hated not the poor Indian. He came to my cabin. The best of my food I set before him. He slept upon my own bed of skins. I could not have harmed him any more than the mother who nourished me.

"I was then young, and the blood in my heart was high; but I bowed down when he prayed. He told us of a Great Spirit whose name was love. He said it was written in His Book that men should do good to their enemies. Thy God is not my God, yet I remembered His words. They fell from the lips of that old, meek prophet like music.

"Now I go back to my woods, to be hunted like a beast of prey. But my heart will be lighter in my bosom when death cometh, that I have saved the poor innocents."

He disappeared in the recesses of the forest, and they returned to their dwelling. Henceforth their history was unmarked save by those events that checker the course of an advancing colony, which in about four years numbered two hundred settlers, and more than fifty habitations.

Mr. Gershom Rice, the brother of its bold pioneer, was the first to plant a family by his side. He has also the honor of being the first to open his house for the social worship of God, and the first to call forth from the half unbroken wild the blossoming boughs

of a fair fruit-orchard. The benefit of his labors and example was protracted to extreme longevity. In the words of the Swedish poet,

> "There flow'd behind that old man's ears
> The silver of a hundred years."

The ancestor of Worcester also lived to a good old age, until he saw the slender branch of his planting, ingrafted on the stock of a broad-shadowing and independent nation. Mary, our heroine, carried into her own home the virtues which had rendered that of her father so happy; for whoever is faithful in the duties and affections of a daughter and elder sister, has given hostages not to fail in those of a wife or mother.

In those early days, when a man's house was literally his castle, and his means of defence within his own domestic circle, the gentler sex partook of his heroic spirit. The languor of delicate nerves then constituted no attraction. The dangers that surrounded woman, awakened no morbid apprehension, but girded her with new strength to act, to suffer, or to solace. She vindicated her title to the name by which she was first introduced to her partner in Eden, "a help-meet for him."

The simple life of our early settlers, though replete with hardship, was favorable to the growth of domestic virtues. Like a rough and thorny sheath, it guarded well the hidden kernel. The philosophy of moderated desires, which in our own times is too oft an unlearned or a despised lesson, was the birth-

right of our ancestors. Courage was kept in exercise. Industry had no time to slumber. Faith sprang upward to a stronger life.

These habitudes wrought visibly on the nature of woman. Lofty rooms, and luxurious carpets, and the attendance of many servants, were not essential to her happiness. So that her heart was right and her hands busy, health was wont to invigorate her frame, and her brow to be tinged with the beauty of the affections. Wealth and fashion, which often foster but the weeds of our nature, had no chance to sow for her, seeds of self-indulgence and vanity. The temptations of artificial life were not there to lead her away from the plain intent of her Maker, until she became no longer a helper to her husband or a true mother to her children.

Not by indolence or extravagance did she place obstacles in the way of matrimony, thus driving to disappointment or vice those to whom she might have been as a ministering angel. Why is it not so still in every part of our Republic? Why should she ever choose to be as a bubble on the foam of life, or a burden to sink her companion deeper in troubled waters? Rather let her firmly bear with him its storms, and redouble its sunbeams by reflecting them from the mirror of a cloudless spirit, until, "time's brief voyage past," they enter the haven of eternal life.

FALL OF THE PEQUOD.

"We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more,
Like the silver mist we fail,
Like the red leaves in the gale,
Fail like shadows when the dawning,
Waves the bright flag of the morning."

M'LELLAN.

FALL OF THE PEQUOD.

THE infancy of Connecticut was replete with peril. The dangers that surrounded its cradle, seem sufficient to have extinguished any common germ of colonial existence.

The pilgrim-fathers at Plymouth possessed some advantages over the other settlers of New England. They held the right of primogeniture, a prescriptive claim to the regard of posterity. They came first to its solitary shores. They first breathed amid its unbroken forests the name of Jehovah. Their footsteps have been traced with somewhat of that enthusiasm which hovers like the white-wing'd sea-bird around the voyage of Columbus, the world-finder. There was a severe, yet simple, majesty in their attitude, which history has preserved and mankind venerated. Their privations have been recorded and remembered. If they have not *monopolized* our sympathies, they have put in a prior claim to them. They have made the Rock of Plymouth a Mecca to the patriot, and it is right that it should be so.

Still it is questionable whether their sufferings surpassed those of the little band who, in the year 1635, took leave of their friends in the Massachusetts, and came as pioneers to the banks of the Connecticut. A

trackless wilderness lay before them. The compass and the stars of heaven were their guides. Mountains, and thickets, and morasses, and unfordable streams were among the obstacles of their path. The shortening days of autumn interrupted their progress; and for the chill and dreary nights their shelter was the forest, and the earth their bed.

Among the sharers in this adventurous enterprise were delicate women, inured to affluence in the soft British clime, and young infants, who must have perished had it been possible for the heart of the mother ever to grow cold. The season was inauspicious, and marked by violent storms. So protracted had been their journey, that, ere they could make preparations for safety and comfort, Winter, coming before his time, surprised them. Connecticut River, so long the object of their hope, presented, on their arrival, a broad surface of ice. It is recorded as almost an unparalleled circumstance, that it was that year frozen entirely over on the 15th of November.

There was no welcome from Nature to the toil-worn strangers. The trees were leafless and silent. The birds had migrated, and the provident animals hidden themselves from the cold. The snow came deep and drifted, and wild winds swept through their insufficient habitations. To crown all, the vessels which contained their provisions and articles for household comfort, were wrecked in a tempest; so that the sufferings of famine were added to their list of hardships.

The red men of the forest, then numerous and powerful, looked with pity on the pale, perishing race. They saw them feeding upon acorns, and brought them corn, and covered them with the skins of the beaver from the terrible cold. They discovered, and lent them aid in their perils through the wilderness. Taking the sick and feeble in their arms, they bare them through morasses and rivulets. "They did make of their bodies bridges and boats unto our people," said a historian of the early times.

But where now are the vestiges of that race whose friendship preserved our ancestors? They who, to the number of 20,000, spread themselves by the fair streams and along the sea-coast of Connecticut, *where are they?* Is a single one of their arbor-like dwellings to be found? Does a solitary canoe break the surface of any of our streams? And who among us remember the race who gave bread to our perishing fathers, or repay the deed of gratitude to their wandering and degraded children?

The clergymen Hooker and Stone, who, with their congregations, traversed, in 1637, the same intervening wilderness, to commence the settlement of Hartford, wisely chose summer as the season of their expedition.

Hooker, to whose learning and eloquence the noble and the pious in his own native land had borne high testimony, took part in every hardship with the most cheerful courage. Sometimes bowing his shoul-

der to the litter in which his sickly wife was carried; then raising in his arms some child of the party whose little weary feet lingered behind; then comforting the faint-hearted; and again, with inspiring smile, recounting the joy of Israel, drawing near the promised land, until his flock fancied that in their own path was the same guiding "pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night."

A fortnight was spent in their journey, and, like their predecessors, they slept without shelter. Yet faith, continually sustained by the zeal and patience of their guides, communicated vigor to their bodies, and they endured without murmuring. The forests through which they passed, and whose echoes had hitherto replied only to the wolf, or the panther, or the hunter's cry, became familiar with other sounds. For, as the Christians proceeded,

> "They shook the depths of the forest gloom
> With their hymns of lofty cheer."

Not a year had transpired since their choice of a locality on the banks of the beautiful river which was to give name to a state. May morning smiled on them for the first time in their new abode. Rich verdure quickened beneath their feet, and Nature seemed anxious to efface the memory of winter's unkindness. But deep care was on the brow of those who watched over the welfare of the young colony. The fathers of Connecticut met on that first day of May in solemn council. A delegation from the senior settlements of Windsor, and Wethersfield, were

convened with the magistrates of Hartford, on affairs of high import.

The Pequods, a fierce and powerful tribe of natives, had discovered a spirit of aggression. Inroads upon property and destruction of life were charged against them. The expediency of a war was immediately decided upon, the number of soldiers determined, and preparations commenced without delay. To meet these requisitions, every family drew upon the resources of its strength, or put in jeopardy the springs of its existence.

It was on Wednesday, the tenth of May, that ninety soldiers, with military equipments, stood on the banks of the broad river. True and faithful to their need, their red-browed allies were ranged by their side.

The Mohegan king, with seventy warriors, waited the signal of his pilgrim friends.

It was an hour of stirring emotion. None spoke or moved. It was felt that but one man could break that silence, and that his words must be to God. Hooker came forward. At his right hand were his brethren, his flock, who had crossed with him a tempestuous ocean, exiles from the land of their fathers. Which of these should return no more? Who should fall in blood, and see his home no more? Mingled with these was a more helpless group: the wife, the mother, the sister, and the babe. They had come down to the waters to bid farewell.

The holy man felt that he "bare their griefs and

carried their sorrows," as he came forth into the midst. His prayer was to the God of battles, the "God of the spirits of all flesh;" and it lifted up the souls of those who were to go, and of those who remained behind, till there seemed to them neither danger nor sorrow in this brief world worthy to appall the heirs of immortality.

The voice of supplication ceased. There was a brief pause. Then, stretching forth his arms, he blessed the people in the name of the God of the armies of Israel. In that high faith they parted. Tender ones restrained the tear, lest it might weaken the heart of some loved protector. Children imitated the dignity of their parents.

The barques received their freight; the sails were unfurled. One man lingered yet a moment behind the rest. It was the Rev. Mr. Stone, the chaplain of the expedition. He stayed to press the hand of his colleague in the Church, and his friend in the Gospel.

"Go forth," said Hooker, "blessed and holy brother, bearing the armor of the Gospel. When the waters of strife abate, give heed to pluck the *first leaf of olive*, for so it becometh a servant of the Prince of peace."

The little fleet moved slowly and gracefully from the shore. The fair river sparkled in the sunbeam, and gave back the tint of the deep blue sky. The foliage upon its banks was of surpassing beauty. The towering oak lifted its unshorn head, and the

elm spread its umbrageous arms in rival majesty. Amid the interstices of the forest, the sassafras and dog-wood thrust forth their pale flowers, the wild cherry hung out its feathery banner, and the fragrant breath of the indigenous apple blossom was detected in every breeze. Animal life, in its unresting forms of pursuit or enjoyment, roved amid the luxuriant vegetation. The squirrel threw itself from bough to bough, as if ambitious to belong to the winged tenantry; the fox ventured fearlessly from his covert; and the otter, from some sloping declivity, plunged suddenly into the deep waters, or, fearlessly emerging, resumed his amphibious pastime. The thrush poured forth from her newly-built habitation wild strains of the richest melody; the azure plumage of the jay gleamed in strong contrast with the garb of the black-bird, whose keen eye was ever searching for some planted maize-field; the partridge rose up heavily on whirring wing; the shy quail sent forth her clear, shrill whistle; and throngs of pigeons darkened the bending branches.

"This is truly a land," said Mason, the commander of the troops, "for which a warrior might be willing to fight."

"God hath given us a goodly heritage," replied the chaplain. "Would it were his will that we might keep it for our sons, without this shedding of blood."

And there they stood together on the prow of the leading vessel; the bold, strong man who had made war his trade when the banner of England was borne

high in the battles of the Netherlands, and the meek, unswerving servant of the cross, who deemed war among the heaviest judgments of the Almighty. Not inaptly did they personify their different professions, like Gerizzim and Ebal, amid the mountains of Israel, uttering the blessings or the penal thunders of Jehovah.

As twilight drew her curtain, the banks between which they glided, became more bold and steep. Rocks reared castellated summits, till their frowning shadows mingled on the bosom of the river, which became compressed, and flowed on complainingly, like an unsubdued spirit, chastened by adversity. It seemed faintly to imitate the majesty with which the more imposing Hudson wins the pass of the Highlands; and then expanding in freedom and beauty, embellished the romantic scenery where Middletown was to choose her seat.

Yet the Connecticut gave but a tardy passage to her first naval armament. On the third day of the voyage, the Indian king demanded to be put on board the vessel of the commander.

"Chief of the white men, my warriors are not content. They say your tall, white-winged birds tread not the waters like their own light canoes. They see the salmon leap up, and there is none to take it. They see the horns of the deer glancing through the forest, and their bows are hot in their hands."

"The waters and the winds are in the hands of

the Great Spirit," replied Mason. "They obey him, and not us. King of the red men, what shall be done to satisfy your people?"

"Put our feet upon the green earth. Let these great water-birds go on without us. We will meet you at your fort, where the river weds the sea."

The Indians, according to their request, were set on shore. They were seen pressing through the closest thickets, and ascending the steepest rocks with fleet foot and unbending form. In a few minutes they disappeared amid the deep green of the forest. But their shouts of wild delight were longer heard, as they traversed their native soil, inhaling, with free spirit, the pure, elastic atmosphere.

Five days these three vessels toiled on their tedious voyage. Unskilled in the navigation of the river, the mariners repeatedly ran aground, or laboriously ploughed their way in the teeth of opposing winds. Before their eyes was no vision of that stupendous power which was yet to arise, binding both blasts and billows in strange obedience. The plodding and patient people of that age were cheered by no pageant of steam-propelled palace, instinct as with a living soul, and treading down in the pride of its own strength all elemental opposition. They would not have believed, that on the very tide they buffeted so wearily, an agent should come forth, resistless as the planet in its orb, yet fashioned by the weakness of human hands. They would have marveled at the assertion that the mightiest effort of man, since he

became lord of this lower world, was not to rear the wall of China, or to erect the Cathedral at Rome, but to render the potent and tremendous power of steam the vassal of his will, to "play with him as with a bird, and to bind him for his maidens."

The arrival of the fleet at the fort of Saybrook was an occurrence of no slight moment. The tossing pinnaces were moored, and the junction of the slender marine and land forces effected, where the Connecticut, with her dower of mountain-rills and quiet streamlets, meets her imperious lord, and loses her sky-born tint in his fathomless wave.

The welcome of Captain Underhill, with his garrison of twenty men, notwithstanding the simplicity of the times, was not wholly devoid of "pomp and circumstance." A broad banner floated, and a rude flourish of martial music sounded from the shore as the troops disembarked; and the two commanders tendered each other the salutes which military courtesy prescribes.

"We can spread for you no field of the cloth of gold," said Underhill, "nor even bid you to a palace, notwithstanding we chance to be the highest representatives of England's sovereign majesty in this corner of the New World."

"Yet our meeting," replied Mason, "involves higher consequences than the boasted interview of Henry VIII. and Francis I. No point of kingly etiquette is here to be settled, but the life or death of a nation. Here, too, are truer friends than are

wont to wait upon royalty," pointing to the Mohegan allies, and cordially taking the hand of Uncas.

"*Indian friendship*," said the chaplain, "shows itself by *deeds* more than *words*. It does not think first of its own safety, or stop to calculate expediency, when its object is in danger."

The hospitality of the fort was as ample as the resources which could be commanded in a primitive state of society. The game furnished by the Mohegan hunters at their arrival was an important and acceptable addition. In that stage of the colony hospitality was not, like the careful sister of Bethany, "cumbered with much serving." Her aim was not to consult variety, or to indulge cost, or to display competition, but simply to satisfy appetite. The climax of her ambition was to hear her guest say, *it is enough*.

During detention by a storm, the leaders conversed freely on the plan of their projected expedition.

"The instructions of the court," said Mason, "are precise, to land at Pequod harbor and proceed directly to their fort. But the moment our sails are discerned we shall be watched with Indian vigilance, and the attempt to disembark may cost the lives of half our men. Even should a landing be safely effected, we may be entrapped in some ambuscade, ignorant as we are of their country; so that it is possible for us to fall without a battle, leaving none to bear tidings of our fate. My advice is, therefore, to come upon

them unawares, through the Narragansett country, and attack them by surprise."

"I am averse," said Underhill, "to a departure from the injunctions of the honorable court. Neither do I like that resort to stratagem which we blame so much in the Indians. Our men would dread a march through the wilderness. By detaining them longer from their homes, the agriculture on which their subsistence depends must be impeded. Who can say, also, that their families, by this protracted absence, may not be exposed to savage massacre?"

"Delay," said Mason, "is a lighter evil than extermination. You will not, I trust, doubt my courage; yet prudence is an essential ingredient of a well-balanced courage. With all our devotion to our country, we are not a match for twenty times our number. By passing through the territory of the king of the Narragansetts, we may obtain his aid. Uncas, what is your counsel in this matter?"

The red-browed chieftain had been a silent, but deeply attentive listener. Now, though summoned to give his opinion, he answered reluctantly.

"Miantonimoh looks one way and rows another."

"What does he mean?" said Mason.

"That the Narragansett king is double-minded, and not to be trusted," replied Underhill.

"Uncas has somewhat of the wily policy of Ulysses," said Mason. "He fears to commit himself.

In this case, he has probably some personal pique. His suffrage goes for nothing."

Neither commander was disposed to recede from his ground. Their officers were also divided in opinion. In this dilemma, they agreed to submit to the decision of the chaplain. In those days, veneration for the sacerdotal character was exemplified by men of the highest rank, and an essential element of education. The chaplain, fully aware of the importance of this arbitration, would, perhaps, willingly have avoided its responsibility. But his creed taught him not to shrink from duty. That night no slumber visited his eyes. In deep solitude he viewed the contested point in all its bearings. He weighed every argument that had been adduced. He pondered their probable results. He spread the cause before Him who heareth prayer, and implored the guidance of his wisdom.

With the early light of morning, he communicated to the council his opinion in favor of the route through the Narragansett country. That day the Captains Mason and Underhill sailed with their forces for Narragansett Bay, leaving twenty men behind for the defence of the colony. On Saturday, May 20th, they landed, and marched to the plantation of the sachem, Canonicus. From thence they sent an embassy to Miantonimoh, asking permission to pass through his territory, and soliciting his aid against the common enemy. He came to meet them with a large body of warriors. He was tall, slightly

made, and of a less commanding presence than the Mohegan king. The plan of thus assaulting the Pequods surprised him by its boldness. Still he maintained that unmoved manner and countenance, beneath which the pride of the Indian is accustomed to conceal emotion. He received the confidence of the colonial commanders in silence, and requested an interview with Uncas.

"Does Mohegan go with the pale faces?" was his first question.

"The chain of our friendship is bright," replied Uncas. "One end of it is in the hand of the Great Spirit, and the other in the grave of my nation. Until it sleeps there, the chain must not rust or be broken."

"Sassacus can bring as many arrows as the spring puts forth green leaves in the forest."

"We shall steal upon Sassacus as the snake winds through the sleeping grass. He shall see blood ere he knows what hand hath drawn it."

"Sassacus hath a quick ear and a long arm. Twenty-six chiefs obey him. Whom he will, he slayeth. He is among them as a god." And a gleam of superstitious awe passed over the brow of Narragansett's king at the thought of that fierce monarch, who struck terror into every foe.

"Miantonimoh, go with us! You are a brave man. If we can shake the Pequods from their strong holds, you may sit down upon the sea-coast, and be as great as Sassacus."

This double appeal to ambition and cupidity, was not in vain. The king of the Narragansetts paused, as if balancing the probabilities of profit and loss. He then suddenly exclaimed,

"*But what are these English*, for whom you are so ready to raise the tomahawk? Before the Pequod warriors, will they not be as old women?"

"*Come and see*," was the laconic and somewhat indignant reply.

"I will go with you," said Miantonimoh, proudly. "Five hundred bows shall accompany me."

Uncas imparted the result of his negotiation to the commanders, who greatly rejoiced, and viewed it as a divine interposition in their favor. Leaving their vessels, they commenced the march through the wilderness. Tangled forests, thorny thickets, and protracted swamps of coarse grass, which sometimes attained a height of three or four feet, opposed their progress. Added to these obstructions were the oppressive warmth of the weather, and a scarcity of provisions. The new corn having been but recently planted, and that of the previous year expended, they had scarcely a better substitute for bread than the roots dug at random in their march. A small quantity of parched corn from their Indian friends, was esteemed a luxury.

Almost exhausted with their toilsome march through this trackless country, they arrived, at the close of a sultry day, within two miles of Fort Mystic, and made their humble encampment in a valley

between two hills. Even the rocky pillow was sweet to our wearied ancestors. Little did they imagine that they rested so near the spot where Groton monument should arise, to tell the traveler of battle between the land of their birth and that of their adoption. Had their slumbers been visited by visions of such warfare, would they not have accounted it as the strife of the brothers in Eden, and grieved like our first parent, when it was shown him by the archangel?

The sentinels, who were placed considerably in advance of the army, heard repeated echoes of wild laughter and savage mirth, breaking upon the stillness of midnight. They came from the fort where the Pequod warriors held a festival, their last on earth; ominous as the revelry of the armies of France on the eve of the battle of Agincourt. At length, deep silence settled on the fortress of the red men. The moon came up clear in the heavens. Mason and Underhill roused their soldiers. Quickly arraying themselves, the chaplain, in few and solemn words, commended them to God. They mused in their hearts on those deep, low tones, which linked their hopes with the name of the Highest, while pursuing their way without a whispered sound, guarding even their lightest footfall. In the heart of every man was a picture of his home, where wife, or children, or aged parents lay in the arms of sleep, and whose helplessness he felt himself commissioned to defend. The valor that springs from such guardian-

ship is not like other valor. It imagines itself an image of His might, who protects a slumbering world, and believes even its severity to be holy.

They reached the hill which was crowned by the rude, yet formidable fortress of the Pequods. As they began to ascend, their allies, the Narragansetts, were perceived hanging back, like a dark cloud around its base. Mason commanded them to advance. They still lingered.

"Is it perfidy or terror that detains them?" he demanded of the Mohegan king.

"They fear Sassacus," he replied, calmly, "more than the Spirit of Evil. Miantonimoh's heart is now like water at the sight of yonder fort."

"Give them orders not to fly," said Mason, "but to stand still, and see how brave men fight."

He then divided the little band of seventy-seven soldiers, between himself and Underhill, for the attack. So silent were their movements, that they stood under the very walls of the fort without discovery. Just at that moment a dog barked. Like the winged sentinel of Rome, he alarmed the beleaguered citadel, but might not save it.

Starting from the deep sleep which succeeded their revel, the Indians evinced a lion-like courage. They rushed unarmed upon drawn swords; they grasped the bayonets in their hands; they wrested the weapons from their foes; they grappled with desperate strength; and yielded only when they were cut in pieces. While blood was pouring in

torrents, Mason gave the terrible order to burn the fort, and the village that was sleeping beneath its wing. Columns of fire sprang up from seventy cone-like roofs of combustible material, spreading a red glare over the darkened heavens. The affrighted inmates, whose dream was broken by the flames that were to destroy them, rushed forth. Mothers with babes in their arms, little ones shrieking in vain for protection, flitted like shadows and vanished. Death was ready for them. Scarce one escaped. Some, at the sight of their enemies, fled back to their flaming dwellings to die there, like the miserable Jews, preferring the burning coals of their beloved temple, to the mercy of the Romans.

Scarcely in the records of history, has war done her work with greater dispatch or more entire desolation. The hour opened upon a slumbering village and a fortress quietly crowning the wooded hill-top. It closed, and six hundred souls had taken their flight: every dwelling was ashes, and every family extinct. Where the tower of their strength frowned was a mound of blackened cinders, smoldering in the blood of their bravest hearts.

The victorious army commenced their returning march. They had not escaped unscathed, though few were left among the slain. A fourth part of their number were disabled by wounds. In this emergency the friendship of their Mohegan allies was invaluable. Constructing litters of the woven branches of trees, they bore the sufferers on their

shoulders, and by their knowledge of the styptic and healing virtues of plants, assuaged their sufferings.

Neither was the retreat without danger. The uproar of conflict had been heard afar, startling the ear of night. Throngs of enraged Pequods hung upon their rear, taking deadly aim from the height of rocks or the covert of trees. Mason found himself called upon, like Xenophon, to the difficult task of conducting a retreat through an enemy's country; imitating him, also, in becoming the historian of his own expedition. A distance of six miles was to be achieved, with the foe in their footsteps. But for the aid of their red brethren, they would probably have been intercepted and cut off. They protected the harassed army, often forming a circle, and literally receiving the exhausted veterans in their friendly and faithful bosoms. At length, the white sails of the waiting vessels were seen, expanded by a favoring breeze, the harbor attained, and the wasted and wearied, yet triumphant band embarked on their homeward voyage.

During the tumult of battle, the chaplain retired to a deep-woven thicket, and lifted up his prayer to the Father and Judge of all. He besought the preservation of his brethren, and that the needless effusion of blood might be restrained. While Faith maintained a painful struggle with the emotions of his gentler nature, there was a rushing toward the thicket, as of a deer pursued by the hunters. Ere he could rise from the humble posture of devotion, a

young girl threw herself on the earth and clasped his feet. It was with difficulty that he disengaged himself. Her grasp was like the rigor of death. Fixing her wild eyes for a moment on his countenance, she shrieked fearfully and long, and closed them, as he thought, forever. There was blood on her forehead and bosom. He believed that, in the torture of a mortal wound, she had fled, not knowing whither.

"The Savior, of whom thou hast never heard, have mercy upon thy poor soul," said the man of peace. Bending over her with pity, as she lay at his feet, like a beautiful bronze statue, he thought,

"Surely my people might have spared to take the life of the child."

She seemed at that period when childhood and youth mingle, in doubtful yet pleasing union. At length her respiration became distinct—a succession of deep sighs. Life stirred in her deadened cheek. The trance of fear was broken. She partially raised herself; but when she beheld the face of a white man, covered her eyes with a shrill, shuddering cry. It was not her own blood that was upon her breast, but the blood of her mother and of her little sisters, to whom she had clung through the flame and under the sword. The holy man laid his hand upon her throbbing forehead, and strove to assure her spirit by the smile and tone of kindness, that universal language, intelligible to the heart of the savage, and which even the eye of the brute deciphers.

"Poor bird; God hath sent thee unto me, perhaps, to save a soul alive;" and he threw his mantle around the shivering child. When the battle was done, and the shouting victors sought him in their joy, he led her through ranks of scowling soldiers and wondering red men.

"God hath given her to me," said he, and they were silent. He protected her through the perilous retreat and upon the waters, and brought her home to his wife and to his daughters; so at their family altar, morn and even, was a petition that the soul of the red-browed orphan might be dear to their Father in heaven.

Gentle treatment and Christian culture were as the dew and sunbeam, to this broken forest flower. Her feelings expanded in gratitude, and confirmed into the most affectionate trust. Every service within the measure of her power was cheerfully rendered to her benefactors. She learned to love the God of Christians, and early sought permission to enrol herself among the followers of the Redeemer.

Seven years passed away, and brought to this gentle creature the ripeness of youth. There was about her a flexibility of form and movement approaching to grace, and that peculiar sweetness of voice which distinguishes our aboriginal females. Her raven locks, profuse and glossy, twined in thick braids around her head, and gave strong relief to a complexion whose dark hue did not prevent the eloquent blood from revealing its frequent rush to

cheek or temple. Every physical and intellectual development indicated exquisite sensibility, over which pure religion diffused a serenity which made her interesting to the most careless beholder.

I have said that seven years had elapsed since the destruction of Fort Mystic. Connecticut had, in that interval, rapidly gathered strength and importance. Already had she stretched forth her hand to aid the incipient efforts of her elder sister, Massachusetts, in the cause of education. Her simple offerings, though of only a few bushels of corn or strings of wampum, came up with acceptance to ancient Harvard's mite-replenished treasury.

Hartford had also assumed an aspect of comparative comeliness and vigor. One of its beautiful heights was adorned with a spacious mansion, far exceeding in elegance the other structures of that newly-planted colony. It was the seat of the Wyllys family, whose founder was not less conspicuous for wealth than for saintly piety, and adorned by a lawn and garden, in imitation of his own fair estate in Warwickshire. Among the ornaments of his domain was an oak, the monarch of the forest, honored afterward in annal and song as the refuge, not of his "sacred majesty," but of the charter which his sacred majesty's brother would fain have rifled. Still revered, and introduced to strangers as the "Charter Oak," it flourishes in green old age, though generation after generation have withered beneath its shade.

At the period of which we speak, the year 1644, a funeral train passed forth from that stately dwelling. The head of that ancient house was no more. Not slightly mourned, did he part from a colony, which had conferred on him the highest office in its power to bestow. Hartford and the vicinity poured forth their inhabitants, from the child, to him of hoary hairs, to attend those obsequies. There Hooker lifted up his voice, and with fervid eloquence blessed the dust of him who "for righteousness' sake had preferred a wilderness to the palaces of Mammon, and, like the prophet borne on angels' wings from Pisgah, esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

"Behold," exclaimed he, "in what manner Death despoileth man. He doth not uproot the groves which he planted or the gardens that he adorned, but he chaineth the foot that walked there. He taketh not away the pleasant pictures from the walls, but he taketh light from the eye that looked upon them. The desirable children, the loving wife are left, but the head, and husband, is cut down with a stroke. He burneth not the fair and goodly mansion, but he taketh the master out of it. He doth not destroy his honors, but he summoneth him away from them. '*This night! this night!*' is the cry, and immediately he giveth up the ghost."

His eulogium upon the departed was minute, and according to the quaint taste of the age. He spoke of his doctrines and of his deeds; of his genealogy,

clearly traced back to the times of the fourth Edward in wealth and honor, and throughout the stormy feuds of the houses of York and Lancaster, maintaining a consistent valor. Yet his aim was not to magnify adventitious distinction, but the grace of God, and to show that the "glory of man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity." Impressed with these sentiments, the weeping multitude followed in solemn order the corpse to its last narrow habitation. The long procession moved slowly down the hill, and extended itself toward the cemetery. Scarce one remained behind, save the Indian maiden, who, pensive and alone, wandered to the brow of the eastern declivity, which commanded a noble view of the valley of the Connecticut. She fixed her eye upon its line of blue, seen in sparkling snatches through the foliage of embowering trees. Her revery was broken by a muffled form springing toward her from a copse, just beneath the height where she stood. She would have started away like the bounding fawn, but the complexion, the gesture of her own people, the murmured tones of her native language, arrested her. With a consciousness as rapid as the memory of the heart, she recognized the young warrior Ontologon, of the ancient line of her nation's royalty. Anxious to avoid discovery, and more by gestures than words, he signified that he had tidings of importance to communicate, and requested an interview in the grove that skirted her residence. Scarcely had she assented ere he vanish-

ed so suddenly, as to leave on her mind the bewildering recollection of a phantom visitant. Twilight had faintly taken the hue of evening when she repaired to the grove in which the garden of her protector terminated.

"*Orramel,*" said a voice, whose deep inflections thrilled through every nerve, and the lofty young chieftain of her people stood before her. For a moment he regarded her in silence with the keen glance of the eagle, who, balanced on the cloud, gazes into her nest to see if aught evil hath befallen her nurslings in her absence, and to exult in their beauty.

"Orramel, thou rememberest me. I saw it in the flash of thy wondering eye, when on the hill-top I stood suddenly before thee. I knew it from the blood in thy cheek, which spoke its message ere thy lips parted."

"Ontologon, thy tones open all the cells of memory. They call back the dead. I see my mother fondling her babe. I sit by her side with my little sisters. Again our home seems peaceful and happy, as when thou didst bring to my childish hand birds of bright plumage, which thy young bow had taken."

"Where are that mother and those little ones, playful and timid as the fawns? Where is thy home, so softly visited by the sea-breeze? Where are thy people? Black ruins, and the grass that grows so rankly where blood is spilt, answer thee. Thou canst tell me of the flame and the battle when our fortress fell. I saw them not. I was far away with

our king. Would that I had been there, that I might have died when my people died, or cut in pieces their oppressors."

The maiden replied only with deep sobs, and the warrior continued.

"Where are all our nation? Parceled out as slaves, or covered in the grave. *The grave*, did I say? That were too blessed a refuge. They cast us out from thence. The ploughshare turneth up the bones of our fathers for the dogs of white men. They hunt down the Pequod like the wolf. How long have I lurked among these hated dwellings that I might thus look upon thee? Were it known that my feet rested upon this earth, what, suppose ye, would be my doom? *The tender mercies of the honorable court*, the tomahawk of Uncas, or the *friendship* of the Narragansetts? the torture, or the flame?"

Orramel bent on him her humid eyes, through which the soul of tender pity looked forth.

"Lonely maiden! are we not the last of our race? I have braved every peril to find and to save thee. I seek to bear thee to the far west, where the eye of the pale race dare not follow. I will build our cabin where are many warriors, and thou shalt be their queen. My voice shall control them, as the blast the swelling waves. We will sweep down like the mountain torrent, and destroy those accursed whites. We will quench our thirst in their blood till not a drop remains."

"Ontologon, the desolation of my race, the de-

struction of my kindred, are heavy on my heart, both when I lie down and when I rise up. Henceforth there will be another burden there, the thought of thy sorrows. Yet curse not the people who have given me bread and a shelter, and taught me of Jesus Christ and the hope of a heavenly home."

"*And so thou art at peace with the white man's God!*" exclaimed the chieftain, with an eye that flashed through the darkness like kindled flame. "They have spoken soft words to thee, till thou hast forgotten the wrongs of thy people and thy mother's blood. *Art thou the daughter of the red man*, and content to crouch at the feet of his murderers? and to take bread from hands stained with his blood, and rusted with the chains that have eaten into his soul? Wert thou not dearer to me than heaven's light, I should have cleft thy brow when thou didst speak of loving Him whom white men worship."

"Ontologon, I have told thee truth. *The God of Christians is my God.* I have sworn it at His altar. I may not turn back from following Him. I have said to thee that no music like thy voice hath met my ear since I sat on my mother's knee. And I could find it in my heart to dwell with thee in the deep forest, as the dove dwelleth with her mate; but I can not forsake the Savior, to whose keeping I have committed my soul."

The stately form of the chief was shaken with violent and contending emotions, as the oak reels in the storm.

"Meet me yet once more, Orramel, only once more. For thy sake, I will endure to hide yet another day amid the haunts of those I hate. When again the sun sleeps, and the stars begin their watch, come to me where the rivers mingle. My boat shall be moored there. If thou wilt go with me, we will seek a happier clime. If thou wilt not, thou shalt be free to return, as the forest bird to her nest."

He plunged into the thicket, and in a moment was lost to her view. The meditations of that sleepless night, and of the day that ensued, were trying and tumultuous to the red-browed maiden. He who had prepared her innocent childhood for the germ of love, had suddenly come like the husbandman to claim the fruits of the vineyard, when she supposed him buried with her fellow-kindred. To her kind benefactors she dared not resort for counsel, since a knowledge of the proximity of her lover would endanger both his liberty and life. Often during this period of agitation was she on her knees in her solitary chamber, imploring His aid who confirmeth the doubting heart and "giveth discretion to the simple."

Evening tardily spread her curtain over the spot appointed for their meeting. It was at the junction of the Connecticut with a considerable tributary. The Dutch, who exhibit the same shrewdness in the choice of sites favorable to commerce, which the monks of England anciently discovered in selecting warm and sheltered nooks for their convents and cloisters, had originally erected here a fortress, or

trading-house, which they called the "Hirse of Good Hope." Though their occupancy was transient, the locality still retains the designation of "Dutch Point," and was long distinguished by its gentle and graceful undulations, and the velvet richness of its shaven lawn.

The rising moon, whose full disk silvered the tree tops, revealed the slight form of the maiden resting against the trunk of an elm, while the stately warrior, seated at her feet, bowed his head on his hand in melancholy thought.

"Orramel, I spake strong and stormy words to thee when last we parted. My heart burned within me, to see thee in the coil of the serpent. Thou art as the moon to my midnight path. Without thee, what would be my life but a rootless weed! I was then maddened with the fear of losing thee. But now I read other language in thy gentle eyes. I know that thou wilt go with me. I will make thine home in the heart of the green forest, where the thrush and the wood-robin sing; and thou shalt be more to me than the song of birds, or the spring to the ice-bound stream."

The maiden replied not. There was in the tones of his deep and tender voice something, that, even when it ceased, made her heart a listener.

"Our race have vanished away," he added, mournfully, "like the dew when the sun ariseth. From these waters, and from the shores of the broad sea where our kings held dominion, our power hath departed. Our council fires are quenched. Upon the

very lands that were his at the beginning, the Pequod dares not set his feet. As for me, who of all my kindred are left? Is there *one* to take Ontologon by the hand, and call him brother? When he is sick, has he a mother or a sister to spread the blanket over him? When he dies, who shall bury him with his fathers? There is none left to remember him, or to shed the tear over his grave."

"Ontologon, I can not bear to hear thee say that our whole race have perished. My heart is sad at the thought that thou hast neither brother, nor sister, nor mother. *I will go with thee,* that thou mayest no more lament in loneliness, or be sick, and find no comforter. For thee I will forsake those who have been to me as parents. But thou wilt not refuse that I should remember their God and my God, that I should speak to Him when the light fadeth and when the morning ariseth in the east, and that I should keep His Sabbaths in my soul."

"Orramel, I may not deceive thee. The white man would promise thee, with the oath on his lips, whatsoever thou desiredst. When thou wert in his power, his vows would be lighter than the summer wind. He would mock thee, that thou hadst trusted them. The red man dares not thus to sin. He knows that the Great Spirit hath an ear which the lightest breath of falsehood reaches. I will not consent that thou shouldst love the Christian's God. I could not rest if the plague-spot of our foes was upon thy bosom."

"Ontologon, is not my request small? Doth the water-lily offend the flower of the sun when it bendeth beneath the waters? Doth the stream dishonor its fountain when it findeth rest in the sea? Would it wrong *thee* that my hope was in Him who made heaven and earth? that my prayer went up for thee while thou didst bend thy bow in the forest?"

"Maiden of the dark and tender eye, the path in which we walk upon earth is short. Hoary-headed men say it is to them as a dream. When thou diest, could I see thee go to the white man's heaven? Could I go there with thee? Could I remain in that heaven if *his soul* dwelt there? *No, no!* Our home after death must be the same. Could I bear to miss thee forever in those fields of light, where our fathers dwell, above the roll of the thunder? Orramel, it shall not be so. I will lead thy footsteps back to the Great Spirit. He will forgive that thou hast wandered. He knoweth that the heart of woman is weak. When thy hand is in mine, thou shalt fall no more."

"Ontologon, thou art more noble than the kings from whom thou art descended. Thou hast not hidden the truth from me. Now could I lay down my life for thy sake. *But I dare not lay down my faith.* While I live, the Book of God must be my guide; when I die, may my soul go unto the Redeemer."

"Is it, then, for this," said the warrior, "that I have borne long years of darkness, whose only light was thy childish smile, which memory held forth to

me like a feeble lamp? For this, that when life grew hateful, and I was about to cast it away, I walked onward with a strong step and a lifted brow at the sound, '*Orramel liveth?*' Is it for this that I have bowed my pride to grovel as a snake in the thicket, that I might again breathe the same air that thou didst breathe, and once more look upon thee? All troubles were forgotten when the sound of thy voice fell upon my ear. At the words, '*I will go with thee,*' a new existence entered into my soul. And now, have I found this treasure only to lay it down? Have we met but to part forever? Must I walk alone under tne cloud of midnight, till I sink in the grave, the last of all my race?"

"Let me be to thee, Ontologon, the light which thou hast sought. When thou art weary and sad, let me teach thee how to smile. We will walk together till that dark angel divide us who cometh but once to all. Yet let me speak to thee of my story. Long after my abode was with white men, I was sorrowful and without hope. He who saved me from destruction was as a father, and his wife as a mother, and their children spake kind words to me. But I found no comfort. Every night my pillow was as a fountain of tears. Thus it was, till their sweet religion entered into my soul. It set the seal of peace on my eyes when I lay down to slumber, and when I awoke it talked with me. All day long, it put meek and happy thoughts into my heart, and it promised to pluck for me the sting from death, and

to take the victory from the grave. Then I partook of its holiest rite, and bound my soul by an everlasting covenant, and took that holy Book to my heart which teaches of its precepts. Gladly would I read to thee from those blessed pages of a clime without sorrow or injustice, where none shall be forced from his inheritance, and where all the righteous shine forth as the 'Sun in the kingdom of their Father.' Yet, if it troubleth thee, I will not speak of my faith. I will shut it close in my soul. Thou shalt see it only by the smile that beams from it, and the courage it giveth at the gate of death."

The lofty chieftain threw himself upon the earth. Groans burst from his laboring bosom, and his whole form was convulsed. Let none believe that he has seen anguish till he witnesses the agony of the strong, proud man. He may have beheld the lightning and the tempest, but not the earthquake rending the rock in pieces.

At length the strife of passion yielded. He rose, in heightened majesty. His voice was firm and awful, as he extended his hand toward the maiden.

"If thou wilt be mine, wholly and forever, put thy hand into my hand, and not even death shall part us. But if thou choosest the faith of the murderers of thy people, and to dwell in their heaven rather than in the heaven of our fathers, say so, and let me see thy face no more."

The answer was distinct, though the heart's tears gushed with it, "*I may not renounce my Redeemer.*"

With a rush that seemed superhuman, the chieftain threw himself from the high bank into his boat. A few strokes of the oar, as from a giant's arm, drove it from the deep shadow where it lay, out upon the broad, bright waters. Then it seemed to drift onward at its will. In that despairing reaction which succeeds passionate excitement, he lay prostrate with a powerless arm, submitting to the guidance of the tide, and reckless of life or death.

Orramel stood upon the point of the promontory where the rivers mingle. She watched the boat of her lover, until the sinuous and projecting shore shut it from her view. But he raised not his head, nor waved his hand. He gave no farewell signal to soften that bitter parting. She listened for some echo of his voice. Nothing was heard save the rush of the waters, and the sigh of the gale through the boughs of the drooping willows.

A strong burst of feeling swept over her. She returned to the place where they had parted. She seated herself on the earth where he had sat. She strove to recall every word that he had spoken. She wove every tone into the tissues of memory. It was late ere she roused herself from her grief, and recovered strength to retrace her homeward way.

She still continued faithful in all her duties, full of gratitude to her benefactors, and humble as the weaned child. It was evident to a close observer that some sorrow had passed over her, but a sorrow in which remorse had no part. A pure conscience so

girded the swelling heart that it broke not. Peace that the world can not give made her brow its tablet. Thus she lived till youth faded, respected by the race among whom she had found refuge. Yet the soul of her lover was ever upon her prayers, and when the last pale messenger came to summon her, and her eye brightened at the welcome of that Savior in whom she had believed, the ear that approached nearest to her dying lips perceived that their faint, parting whisper was "*mercy for Ontologon.*"

In reviewing the circumstances which have given to this sketch a subject and a name, we are struck with the prominence and discordance of some of the features in the character of our ancestors: the boldness with which, in the very birth of their colonial existence, they hazarded this formidable enterprise, the cruelty with which it was consummated, and the piety to which they turned for a sanction, even when deed and motive seemed at variance. The unresting vigilance with which they blotted out the very name of Pequod, partitioning the last remnant of that race in vassalage between the Mohegans, the Narragansetts, and themselves, was not less arbitrary than the dismemberment of Poland, and savored more of the policy of heathen Rome than of Christ.

Mason, in common with the historians of that age, bitterly blamed the Indians for stratagem in war, but chose to adopt the creed that he had denounced, and to prove himself an adept in the theory that he condemned.

Still, we would contemplate with filial respect the memory of our ancestors. We venerate their lofty virtues, and view their errors with regret. Many of their most prominent faults sprang from the peculiarity of their position. The light that visits our advancing age had not beamed on them. Luminous minds had not then arisen to present the war spirit in its true aspect, or to strip it of that false glory with which antiquity had invested it. No divine had then eloquently pointed out that "universal ballet by which mankind might cast from its seat of power the bloody idol of a long-infatuated world."

The consciousness that they were the sole guardians of the "vine planted in the wilderness," and the dread of its extermination, forced them into conflict, which in this instance was most stern and sanguinary, kindling the flame over the heads of slumbering households, and smiting the infant in its mother's arms.

The young student of American history, in recording the date of May 20th, 1637, will remember it as the era when a once-powerful aboriginal tribe ceased to exist. It perished without a hand to write its epitaph: an emblem of the fate of that vanishing race to whom the brotherhood of the white man hath hitherto been as the kiss of Judas.

THE YANKEE.

"Strange phrase and quaint, but spirit shrewd,
And heart with pious thoughts embued."

THE YANKEE,

THERE is sometimes a period in the life of nations, as well as of individuals, when the energies work in diseased channels, and a morbid imagination pictures "destruction before them, and sorrow behind." Such seemed the condition of the oldest colony, the mother of New England, when about to pass the seventieth year of her existence.

Within her borders she beheld a savage foe, wronged and inexorable, the print of whose stealthy footstep was red with the blood of the defenceless. The fathers who had been her guides; the ancient priests, whose wisdom was as the Urim and Thummim to the multitude, were with the dead. We, in whose minds respect for age is less deeply rooted than of old, can but imperfectly realize the "horror of great darkness" that settled upon her soul as the last vestiges of that patriarchal race disappeared. One by one the stars were muffled, the beacon-lights withdrawn, and she left to steer her lonely barque amid the troubled waters.

Other causes conspired to harass and depress the people: heavy taxation; the almost utter extinction of commerce; and a sea-coast infested by piratical

cruisers. France, irritated by a recent invasion of Canada, menaced the colonies with her vengeance. "They were becoming," says Upham, in his Lectures, "the victims of political jealousies, discontent, and animosities; their minds were startled and confounded by forebodings of dark and dismal events; and, as it were, to crown the whole, and fill up the measure of their affliction and terror, it was their universal and sober belief, that the Evil Being himself was in a special manner let loose, and permitted to descend upon them with unexampled fury."

It was from the midst of this discomfort and gloom, this "fearful looking-for of judgment," that the delusion at Salem sprang forth. Though not without precedent in an older continent, it derived peculiar elements of sternness and inveteracy from the locality and circumstances of its birth. Few of those influences that soften and unbend the minds of men were then in operation. Literature and science gave but a feeble infusion of their spirit, and social intercourse seldom sparkled with hilarity. Seeds of religious dissension were vegetating, and whatever form of bitterness or superstition seized upon the mind, was pursued with the exclusiveness of monomania.

An isolated and ascetic state of feeling was doubtless nourished by the tardy and infrequent communication between the settlements. No post-roads or periodicals diffused intelligence, and, penetrating to

the most remote solitudes, bound the extremities to the heart in strong and warm vitality. The adventurous traveler encountered not only fatigue, but peril, for he knew that he must pass dense and overshadowing forests, where the watchful Indian prowled. So slow was the transmission of news, that the awful tragedy at Salem, which commenced early in 1692, did not reach for several months a colony of Huguenots, planted about forty miles from Boston. Few in number, and occupied with those labors on which existence depended, vague rumors, as of some distorted and horrible dream, at length floated to their hermit residence.

It was at that period when autumn fosters the fading beauties of summer, and yet announces the approach of winter by infusing a slight chill into the evening atmosphere. The harvest of maize had been principally gathered and deposited in a rude tenement, which served as a public granary. Lights were seen there to glimmer, after they had one by one vanished from the surrounding habitations. A few men, employed in separating the golden sheaves from their investing sheath, still prolonged their pleasant toil, listening to the narrations of a hardy New England yeoman, who for the past year had assisted these more delicate natives of France in the ruder labors of husbandry. While in the midst of an animated description of the festivities of what he called a "real huskin' frolic," which he had sometimes shared among his own people, he was inter-

rupted by a heavy knock at the door, and the sudden entrance of a wearied stranger. A word or two in an under-tone caused an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, Cousin Jehiel Wigglesworth! it can't be you! in such torn and awful riggin'! Have the Indians come down upon Malden? and was you necessitated to fly for your life?"

"Indians, do ye say? What is a host of cowardly heathen to the terrible visitations of the spirits of darkness? We read in the Bible of only *one* witch of Endor, and she busied herself with calling up the dead; but Salem town is full of witches, from one eend to t'other, and they do nothing but torment the living."

To the inquiry of his cousin respecting the reasons of his removal from Malden, their native place, he answered,

"You know I come of age last winter, and so I told father he might as well get some work out of brother Titus, who is a stout youngster, and I would go and hire myself out a spell and 'arn a little money. I had heard of a minister in Salem, one Mr. Parris, who wanted help, and I reckoned 'twould be a good notion to live with a minister, because, their portion not being in this world, they would not be likely to insist on so much hard slaving. But I was rather discomfited at our first meeting. He obsarved that he was particular in inquiring the character of *sarvants*, because he chose to have only those of good report. '*Sarvants!*' said I; 'I never was any body's

sarvant, and I never mean to be.' So I turned to go off, thinking he was too mighty topping for me. But he said over a text or two of Scripture, which made me as quiet as a lamb, how that we all had a Master in heaven, and that he only wanted me to be his *help*. Then I felt ashamed that I had been so mad and hasty, and made an agreement with him, and lived quiet and peaceable, till I was carried to Salem jail."

"To the jail! to the jail! You don't say so! None of our relations ever come to such disgrace before! No wonder you look so exceedin' dumpish. Tell me all that you did, without any prevarication."

"Cousin Jehoshaphat Jones, have a little patience. Every thing in its right place. I guess you had better hear first consarning my dealings at the minister's. My business was to dig in the gardin, and to chop wood, and to take care of the dumb critturs, which consisted of an old horse, quite lean in flesh, and a cow with balls at her horns, 'cause she routed down fences when she could get a chance, and a flock of hens, which it was a power of trouble to watch and scare out of the neighbor's corn; moreover, to mind the minister's wife in all she directed."

"And was it really a great sight easier to live with a minister than to be on the good old farm at home? Did you get enough to eat?"

"I liked all well enough except the Sabba-day dinners; for then they never got any victuals. They

are no upholders of fasting in Boston; they understood good eating and drinking there right well. But Salem folks seemed to me more for skinching and saving. However, there was really nothing worth complaining on, till them great and grievous trials come down like a clap of thunder. The minister's darter and his niece, who lived with them, both smart, sprightly gals of eleven or twelve years old, were brought all of a sudden under the power of the Evil One, and tormented just like the children of Mr. John Goodwin at North Boston, a few years before. Cousin Jehoshaphat, did not you read that marvelous account published by a godly and larned minister?"

"Yes, I did; but it seemed to me a deal more like their own ugliness than any other sort of witchcraft."

"Jehoshaphat Jones, just in that same way other bold ones blasphemed and made their mocks, but some of them got hung upon the gallows like proud Haman, a spectacle to heaven and airth. It is true that them two gals was the most tormentedest critters that eyes ever beheld. Sometimes we'd find them a standing in brooks of water, saying that the Wicked One wanted to drown 'em; then they'd be a clinging to the tops of high trees, where they'd no way in natur' of getting, crying out that he commanded 'em to throw themselves down from thence."

"Jehiel, wasn't there apples or some sort of fruit on them trees? I guess I've seen children climb pretty

decent high arter green apples, without no supernatural help."

"Well, what should they run upon the ridge-pole of the barn, and bemoan themselves there for? You don't s'pose any green apples grew there, do ye? And when the poor souls set down to comfort themselves with a meal of victuals, who do you calculate drew their tongues out of their mouths, and laid them all along upon their chins, so that they were not able to eat a single mou'ful?"

"I don't know. I guess they did not see any thing they liked on the table, and thought they'd make a push to get something more to their taste."

"Who do you reckon run pins into 'em, and left the marks of great pinches and bites on their innocent flesh? And what made 'em, when they was told only to do the least little chore, fall into fits like one about to die?"

"Why, Jehiel, I have made believe to be sick myself, when I was a small boy, and told to hoe corn or weed the gardin; but I was always mighty well if any play was going on. And I have seen bigger folks sarve their master in that way time and again. Who pinched and bit those gals, I don't undertake to say; but I rather guess, if the minister had given them a smart box on the ear, as father used to me, they'd gone to work and felt better."

"It is very likely, to be sure, that with your poor edecation you should know more of their case than all the wise and rich gentlemen who come to see

and pity 'em, and the host of ministers too, who used to pray and exhort over 'em. And when them that was the most gifted, and could hold out the longest, were a putting up petitions, it was awful to see the sufferings of them children. Every inch of their flesh would tremble, as if the Evil Spirit was about to come out of 'em, but it was only because he was mad and tired to hear the precious saints communing so long with the Lord. Then the poor babes might not enjoy the comfort of saying the Lord's Prayer themselves; for they'd always be forced to leave out some part of it. And when Mr. Parris would say, 'Begin again, and say it right,' they'd be speechless. Neither was they permitted to read a single godly book, whereby their souls might 'a been comforted under their body's tribulation. The wicked sarpent would allow them to read silly stories and jeest books, to be sure, and if they was particular unchristian and bad, they'd giggle and shout till even the neighbors heard the racket. But when the Assembly of Divines' Catechize was put into their hands, oh! such whooping and hollowing; and if it was not taken directly out of their sight, they'd have the terriblest fits, and scare the minister's wife nigh upon to death."

"Law, Cousin Jehiel, as for that monstrous long catechize, I'd have screamed as bad as they, and had as many fits, if I could only frightened mother out of the notion of making me larn it."

"Jehoshaphat Jones, I feel bound to say unto you

what holy Mr. Baxter saith in his preface to the book about John Goodwin's afflicted offspring: 'He that disbelieveth, must needs be a most obstinate Sadducee.' I s'pose it will be of no use to certify you that there *was* a witch in our house; yea, a black wench, from a far-distant country, where, I'm told, they have daily dealings with Satan, as man with man, in buying, and selling, and trucking of goods. The afflicted girls, when in their sorest torments, would cry out upon Tituba; and there would be the cruel jade, looking as much amazed as if she had never done any evil in her life. But she had manifested her ugly temper toward 'em before this calamity, by divers times discovering 'em in a closet where jellies and such like sweet trade was kept, of which it was very natural that they should be just tasting a little, you know. They could not so much as hook a lump of sugar, or a spunful of molasses, but they'd hear her muttering, 'I'll tell mistress, for by-and-by sugar-pot and 'lasses-jug be empty, and she'll say, Tituba steal—Tituba tief.' So, don't all these doings plainly prove that she was moved of old, by the Father of malice against these poor children? Well, after things had gone on so for a long, lengthy time, they come to a detarmination to hold a court upon these dealings of Satan, and try if the authority of the town could not cast him out, since the godly ministers was not able. Oh! I never shall forget that dreadful day. Heads was as thick in the Salem courthouse as green pease in a pod, but no more noise nor

shuffling of feet than if all had been dead bodies. There, on a high seat, sot Governor Danforth, looking exceeding solemn, and Governor Stoughton, with eyes as sharp as a needle; and there was the Reverend Mr. Samuel Parris, with a pen to write down every word that should be said. I could not help thinking of the day of judgment. And when the crowd was so great that we could hardly breathe, the distressed children was brought in. Close behind them came Tituba, rolling up the whites of her eyes. Then they fell into the worst torments that I ever did see. It seemed as if the Wicked One put forth the whole of his power and spite in the presence of the honorable court. 'Who hurts you?' said his worship, the judge. 'Tituba! Tituba!' they both screamed at once; 'she afflicts us! She is going to ride on a broomstick now, and will stick pins in us.' Then they fell into such awful fits that the honorable court injoined the black witch to make confession of her wickedness. And she did confess, so far as this; that, when she was a slave among the Spanish, she larnt *how to find out a witch*. And was not that just the same as to be one herself? Their honors agreed it was next akin to it, and ordered her straightway to prison. After she got there, such a hardened sinner was she, that she denied having ever made a league with Satan, and said she would not have told the court what she did, only her master had* most

* See page 56 of "Lectures on Witchcraft," by the Reverend C. W. Upham, published at Boston in 1831, and evincing much historical research.

grievously beaten her to make her confess, and, catching his eye in the court, she was afeard of the same punishment again, which was surely no worse than she desarved. And what a maracle it was, that, as soon as she was taken away, the poor, afflicted gals sot up, and looked pleasant and satisfied. But just as the crowd was beginning to clear out, the minister's darter betook herself to swooning again, and foamed at the mouth like a barrel of hop beer a working. And, Cousin Jehoshaphat, can you imagine my situation when I heard her exclaim, '*Jehiel Wigglesworth! Jehiel Wigglesworth! he afflicts me!*' Oh! I screamed as loud as she, and took to my heels to run right out of the court-house, thinking I'd get home like a streak of lightning to father's. But they seized hold of me, and dragged me before the judges. Things swum round me, and I was afeard the floor would cleave asunder, and let me into the suller. So I held fast on to the sheriffs, and they grabbed just as tight hold of me; so I was like a crutter shut up in a vice. But when the chief judge axed me, in a terrible voice, 'How do you afflict this young maid?' I found marvelous strength to reply, 'Please your honor, I never did offend her, in thought, word, or deed, saving once, when, about six weeks ago, I s'pose I did occasion her some sort of worriment by telling her mother, who axed me the question, that I did see her take apples from a cart that brought some to the door to sell. But then she would not a took 'em if we had only a bought 'em for her to eat; and, as she

declared she never touch'd one on 'em, I do s'pose she forgot it. So, 'cause my memory happened to be rather better than hers, she was huffy to me for two or three weeks, which was no more than natural, your honor; and then she seemed to get over her hard thoughts. Most sartingly, this is the only time in which I ever crossed her since I have abode under her father's ruff.'

"Then the court ordered me to walk straight up to her, and look her in the face; whereat she shrieked so, and vowed that I tore her vitals, that my heart misgive me, and I begun to wonder whether I had not, somehow or other, made a league and covenant with the Old One, and known nothing about it. Howsoever, I would not confess, though they took vast pains to make me. Whereupon they said I was obstinate, and commanded me to jail. Then she come immediately out of her fits, and was as chirk and cheery as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. Oh! the wearisome days and nights that passed over me in that house of bondage! But plenty of good company came there afore midsummer. We was like a bee-hive at swarming time. From the dens around I'd hear the poor prisoners bemoaning themselves, and saying, 'Oh! that we'd never told such a falsehood as to confess that we was witches, and so wronged our own souls.' And then the crying of children would ring in my ears, for there was some shut up there not over eight or ten years old. Father and mother got a seat in neighbor Lynch's wagon, and

come down to Salem jail to see me. We was all cast down bad enough, to meet in such a dolesome hole. 'Oh, Jehiel,' said the old lady, 'confess! do, pray, confess! for they tell me all that confess they are witches get set at liberty, and all the rest are hanged without marcy, for a stiff-necked and hard-hearted generation.' 'Mother,' says I, 'would ye have me confess dealings with the Wicked Sarpent when 'taint true?' 'Oh! I don't know,' says she; 'but do be sure and save your life; there ain't nothing so bad as death.' 'Why now, mother,' says I, 'I remember you broke me of telling lies when I was a small youngster; I don't think I shall begin again at this time of day. And I guess there *is* something as bad as death, and worse too, namely, the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.' 'There,' said father, 'did not I tell you 'twould be so? Jehiel was always a good boy to larn the New Testament by heart; and now ye see he's got it in his heart. So give over tempting him, mammy.'"

"I should have thought," said Jones, "that Aunt Jemima might have given you better advice. A professor o' religion as she is, too! She must have been worse blinded and bewitched than even you was."

"I felt desp'ate heavy," continued the narrator, "when our folks left me, and went and curled down in the corner upon my heap of straw. But I found some comfort in a bit of cold gammon, and bread and cheese they brought me, which was enough better than the jail victuals. The latter part of Au-

gust, five of the prisoners was taken out and hanged. One of them was a grand minister, Mr. George Burroughs, whom they condemned because he had e'enamost the strength of a giant, which he must have got from the powers of darkness, for he was real slim and slender made. But never shall I forget the awful 22d of September. Then we was all summoned to look out and see eight of our miserable comrades marched to the gallows. First walked Martha Corcy, paler than ashes, whose husband had been pressed to death with heavy weights, because he refused to plead when he was indicted before the honorable court. The next was Mary Esty, who writ the most beautiful letter to the judges and ministers, declaring her innocence. When she took the last leave of her husband, and children, and friends, she was said to look just as calm and holy as an angel. Close behind come Goody Parker, with her hood partly drawn over her face, and her lips moving in prayer, and Ann Pudeator, with the large tears like hail-stones rolling down her face, and Margaret Scott, with the ruddy bloom still upon her cheeks, whom all the young men had so admired for her beauty. There was Wilmot Read, too, with whom I had played at school, and Goodman Wardwell, who was accused by his own wife and daughter, and a broken-hearted man was he, with his head hanging down upon his breast. Last of all, with a fresh, goodly countenance, walked Molly Parker, stepping as light, as if she knew she was about to

rise above her enemies to a heavenly home. She it was that spake so bold to the Reverend Mr. Noyes when he bid her confess the sin of witchcraft. 'I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink.' Oh! how my heart sunk within me, and cold chills run through all my veins, to see them walking along with the bright sun, and the clear, blue sky over their heads, which they was never more to behold. And I said to myself, Make haste, Jehiel Wigglesworth, and get out of this strong hold, or you will be dealt with in like manner. In the arter part of that memorable day, there came a pious good minister to preach to the poor prisoners, and exhort them to sarch into the plague of their own hearts, while yet it was a time of hope. We, in the upper story, flocked together into the largest cell to hear him. He spoke exceeding well, and had a wonderful smooth delivery, but he'd only got as far as sixteenthly, when down fell Molly Lacey in a fit, a curious talking creature, who had charged both her mother and grand-mother with witchcraft, and got them both into Salem jail with her. Down she fell, calling out the name of Mr. Willard, a grand Boston minister, and the names of some of the highest powers of the state, saying they had a commission from the Prince of Darkness to afflict her, and to burn her flesh from her bones with fire. Great was the stir indeed, and when I see the jailer was as busy as the rest on 'em, I watched my chance,

and glided down stairs like a sperrit. But when I reached the second story, the door was locked so tight that the Old Dragon himself could not start it. I made for the window through which we had looked at the poor, condemned people in the morning, and lo! it was left a leetle open, to admit a morsel of air. 'Jehiel Wigglesworth!' said I, 'cast yourself down from thence. Ain't it as well to grind your bones to powder, as to have your neck stretched by these Philistines?' So I snatched up the minister's broad-brimmed hat, which had been left on the stairway, and thrust it on my head, thinking I would not go into etarnity with a broken skull, if I could help it. But what do you think appeared just at that critical minute? A huge load of hay passing directly under, and nobody in sight. As quick as thought, I plumped down upon it, and kivered myself up in the cutest manner. The boy who driv was wandering along in front, and gazing around, but hearing a strange sound as I plunged down, gave his cattle a stroke or two, and said, 'Gee up, Dimond. Haw! old crooked-horn! what d'ye start for? D'ye see any o' the Salem witches?' So whistling, he went on with his load, while the sweet smell of the new-mown hay, and the fresh air that I had not breathed so long, and the thought that I had got out of that dismal den of lamentation, though but for one half hour, even if they clawed me back the next, made both my heart and head so lightish, that I could scarcely keep from outright singing and shout-

ing. But I took good care to hold the minister's hat well under the hay, lest some of his parishioners might know it and hunt me out. I obsarved the boy arter a while to be looking round, and calling 'Jehu, Jehu.' Thinks I to myself, Jehu and Jehiel are pretty much alike. So when we'd got past the house where I used to live, I takes courage, and says, 'What d'ye want? Don't ye see that I'm up here on the hay?' 'On the hay,' said he. 'How on airth did ye get there, and I not know it?' 'Why forty people might 'a got up and down, and stole half the hay too, while you have been lazing and gazing at every thing and every body.' 'You hain't done all your arrants, have ye?' 'Yes, indeed, long ago.' 'Well, then, get down and drive the team. Don't you know master said, "Tim, you must drive till you get through the thickest of Salem town, and when Jehu has done my business there, he shall see to the cattle." So make haste and come down, for I'm as tired as a dog.' 'And don't you think I'm tired too, trotting through all the lanes like a camel, while you've been a loungin' along, more asleep than awake?' 'I declare you shall get down *now*, Jehu,' said the lad, beginning to climb up the load. 'I'll tell you what it is, Tim,' said I, 'the great pitchfork is here, and if you come up before I give you leave, I'll catch you on it. But if you'll only drive fast and good till we get out of sight of them housen yonder, I've got a clever clingstone peach here that I'll give you, and you shall

ride all the rest of the way.' 'Oh yes, to be sure, out of sight of them housen! Why, that ain't a quarter of a mile from the place where the man lives that's bought the rowin. You're a real cross-grained dog, to make me do more than master says.' So he walked along, muttering. When we'd got about through the thick-settled part, I called out suddenly, 'Oh! what a beast I am to forget. Run, Tim, run, as fast as ever you can, to Squire Larkin's store, at the second corner, and bring a small bottle of sperrit I left standing on the horse-block. I'm awful afeard somebody has drinked it up afore now. Come, gallop, that's a good fellow, and if you happen to take a small swig out on't, I won't tell master.' Off he set like a catamount; and no sooner was he out of sight than I was down, and a running faster than he, for I was dumb afeard that he'd meet the real Jehu, and both together take arter me, like Jehu of old pursuing the false prophets. I struck into the woods and hid till dark, and then took the road and traveled right manfully all night. It made me down-hearted to think I could not go to father's, for I know'd well that was the fust place they'd naturally sarch in for me, and I seemed to be in a worse fix than the returning prodigal. While I was doubting where to shape my course, I remembered that Cousin Jehoshaphat Jones, who had always been a true frind, had hired himself out to some Huguenot bodies, who lived in an out-of-the-way sort of a hole, and thought if I could once get

there, I might stand a good chance to be hid, in such an outlandish region. So I turned my steps hitherward. But oh! the torment of hunger that I've endured. Sometimes I have thought I could e'enamost gnaw a sheep's head off, and eat it with all the wool on. But I have not been altogether easy in my mind, for fear the bears should eat me, when I dropped asleep in the woods, or some ugly rattlesnake give me a mortal bite, or the beastly Indians start out from behind some bush and scalp me. Yet have I been led through the wilderness in safety, through help from above. I hope the precious minister that I left preaching in the Salem jail will forgive me for hooking his hat. Its broad brim has been of vast use to me to dip up water from brooks, and fend off the rain and musquetoes. How real thankful I was, at last, to see a light glimmering here, and, looking through the cracks of the corn-house, to be sure that it was indeed Cousin Jehoshaphat, by the side of a great pile of ripe ears. I doubt whether the poor critturs who was a drowning in the flood-time could have been much joyfuller to have set their feet in Noah's ark, than I to behold my own blood-relation, and stretch my weary limbs on this floor."

When the narrator closed his recital, all his auditors expressed sympathy for his troubles, and gladness at his deliverance, and hastened to provide him with fitting refreshment, and a place of repose. It was afterward decided to offer him refuge among them, with such compensation for his services as

should be deemed satisfactory, until "the indignation might be overpast." For some time after this miserable delusion had subsided, he remained among the Huguenot colonists, grateful for their kindness, and pleased with their gentle manners and reasonable requisitions.

Afterward, returning to his native village, he settled for life in those peaceful agricultural employments to which his ancestors had been inured. He dwelt in rural comfort and happiness, and enjoyed the respect of his neighbors and friends. Some lingering of superstition continued through life to mingle with that shrewdness and simplicity which so often mark the Yankee character; and when, in long winter evenings, beside a blazing fire, he recounted to his astonished children the evils to which he had been exposed, and from which he was so remarkably rescued, he never failed to bespeak their gratitude that they had never been tempted to the sore sin of witchcraft, or brought under the visible and fearful dominion of the great Wicked One.

A

LEGEND OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"On the rushing tide of life,
Ever full, yet ever shifting,
Blinded with the smoke of strife,
We, like battle-ships, are drifting;
While the startling thunders boom,
And wreck'd barques go down forever,
In the far horizon loom
Hopes that urge to new endeavors."

LONGFELLOW.

A LEGEND OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"PLEASE, tell me a tale of the olden time," said a fair-haired girl, seating herself at her mother's feet, and playfully seizing the knitting-needles so as to suspend their operations.

Perceiving how fond was the glance that rested upon her, she added, "Dear mother, you seldom mention brother Edmund. I do so wish to hear more about him. Pray speak of him now, in this sweet, summer twilight, an hour so fit for all tender and holy thought."

"Do you not remember your brother, Malvina? you were five years old when he was taken from us."

"I remember him, mother, as we recall a vision, beautiful and indistinct. Albert and myself used to play all day long among the wild flowers, forcing the smooth brook to fall noisily over the pebbles that we placed in its channel. When he came to us, there was a smile on his brow, like what we supposed might be the smile of an angel; but he never laughed with us. He drew us to his knee, and told us that God was in every flower, and in the voice of the tuneful brooks, and that he painted the wing of the butterfly. We loved to hear his sweet tones, so like a flute, but we wished that he would laugh as

we did. He seemed so perfect, that something like awe mingled with our love. We almost feared him, for his unlikeness to ourselves. But when it thundered, and I quaked with dread, I drew closer to him, and took hold of the skirts of his coat, for I believed that no evil could touch one so good, and that through his virtues I should be saved.

"Once I loved him better than ever. It was when he took me under those tall elms, in a clear and quiet evening, and pointed out the stars. He told me some of their names, and that they were full of inhabitants, over whom God ruled in his goodness. Then I clasped his neck close, and wept violently, through my very love and apprehension that he would die, and go to those bright orbs, and I, for my faults, be left behind, and never be found worthy to meet him there. And I well remember a strange agony at being told he was dead, and weeping at his funeral till there were no more tears."

The mother paused, as if to gather strength for a narrative of pain.

"It is proper, my daughter, that our domestic history should be fully known to you. Upon some of its events I have forborne to dwell, lest they might sadden your young heart. Perhaps I have been too reluctant to open the sources of grief; I have kept them sacred to Him who can alone heal the heart's troubled fountains. Those bitter waters have so long subsided, that I may yet pour from their once turbid dregs a pure draught into your crystal cup.

"You know, dearest, that the birth-place of your parents was in New England. Ten years have not yet elapsed since our removal to Pennsylvania. Then, with two hundred emigrants from Connecticut, we became inhabitants of this fair Vale of Wyoming. Never shall I forget its beauty as we first approached it. Weary with the toils of our journey, it burst upon our eyes from the brow of yonder mountain, as the promised land stood forth in its robe of brightness to greet the tribes long wandering in the desert. Early spring had just tinted the green hills, and the slumbering dells lay in silent beauty. The Susquehanna rolled on in pride, as if claiming admiration for its glorious domain. The young trees, and the sweet birds, and the incense of early flowers welcomed us to our goodly land. We blessed God that we were not doomed, like the prophet from Nebo, only to behold it with our eyes, but not to pass over and take possession.

"You, Malvina, had numbered your fifth birth-day, and your brother Albert was seven years old. At the first view from the mountain-top, you both clapped your hands, and shouted with a pleasure whose rich elements you could not fully comprehend. There was a gentle being near us who gazed deeply on the scene of enchantment, but spoke not—your sister Ellen. She pressed close and closer to my side, her breathing became a quick sob, and tears of rapture coursed down her cheeks. The sentiment of beauty lay deep in her soul, and this Eden landscape thrilled

it as a lyre, till the harmony overcame her. Twelve winters only had passed over her, but her mind partook of the maturity of womanhood. She drooped when we first left the banks of our own Connecticut. Her affections were strongly clasped around her young schoolmates, and the pleasant halls where she had gathered knowledge in their company. In untwining them, some of the tendrils were broken; but we thought they would soon embrace other props. We understood not that our frail flower could not bear to be transplanted, that it was to bloom only in heaven. We were deceived by the brightness daily glowing upon her cheek; we could not believe that it was the flattering hectic planting there its funeral rose."

"Mother, mother, were there no physicians in the valley for my sweet sister?"

"They, like us, were lulled into false security. One of them did, indeed, say that it was the 'emigrant's consumption that she pined with, a consumption of the heart.' But she uttered no complaint; she seemed to have no pain. She sighed continually for her school—for her dear companions—for her first home—for the Church of God. Her father constructed for her a rude arbor, where the vines clustered and made a thick shade. There she loved to retire on a summer's day with her books, and around it she planted the flower-seeds that she brought from her own little garden. Especially she delighted there to spend her Sabbath hours, and I could see that she

was best pleased to meditate without interruption. One cloudless Sunday morning she, as usual, resorted thither. At parting, I recollected she threw back her bright golden hair, and smiling, said, 'Mother, I am going to my home, to Connecticut,' for so she called that favorite recess. But to her little brother, whom she met and kissed, her words were more ominous: 'Albert, be a good boy; our dear Savior says I may come home to-day.' I observed that she walked slowly, but I was not aware of her increasing weakness. Soon after I heard her sing sweetly and clearly the hymn that she best loved. It was in my heart to go and sing with her, but household occupations hindered me. When I afterward went, she was reclining against a turf bank, as if in slumber. On the page of her open book lay a few violets. I called, 'Ellen, love;' she made no reply: I touched her slightly-clasped hands; they were as marble. She had found her home, and there was no returning."

"Dear, blessed sister! when I have visited her grave, I have ever wished that some memorial might mark the spot. Let us raise there a simple stone, with the inscription, '*He calleth me home;*' or that line from your favorite poet, 'Her spirit was exhaled and went to Heaven.'"

"Still gird your heart, my dearest; other woes remain to be told. As I thus point them out to you, I seem once more to move among them, and to bear their impress. You know that this Valley of Wyoming has been emphatically debatable ground. The

Pennsylvanians and the Connecticut colonists, authorized by their respective state governments, maintained opposing claims. Contention soon took the form of border warfare. Your father bore a conspicuous part in those times of danger. He was one of those forty dauntless men from Connecticut who entered this valley in the winter of 1769, and made preparations for the present colony. With them, his family removed the succeeding spring. Those settlers were known by the name of the Susquehanna Company, and came under the auspices of a council convened at Hartford, and of the excellent Governor Trumbull, who surely would have sanctioned nothing illegal or unjust. But the permanent establishment which we contemplated, was doomed to lay its earliest foundation in blood. My anxiety for the safety of your father it is impossible to describe. The activity and fearlessness of his character made him indifferent to peril, and obnoxious to his foes. Civil dissensions are ever more relentless and tenacious than foreign war, as diseases of the heart are more obstinate and difficult of medication than those of the extremities."

"The history of those days of discord is but too familiar to me, dear mother. Will it please you, rather, to tell me of my brother Edmund?"

"He was my first-born and my idol. The loss of an infant son, three years younger than himself, bound him still more closely to my heart. I made him my constant companion, and early and continually infused into him that knowledge which softens and beau-

tifies the spirit. His love of learning was too obvious and overpowering to be counteracted, and we left him in the collegiate institution of his native State. His first visit was in the long autumn vacation, and he moved among us like a spirit of light and peace. He found me too deeply nursing the seeds of grief, and ever, when we were alone, he spoke to me with such a benignant smile of his beautiful sister and her happy home, that I was comforted. He said that Christians erred who invested death with gloom; that they were thus untrue to their faith, which was able to disrobe it of terror, and to their Savior, who had vanquished it for them. He said, would they but lay, without repining, their friends in the grave, and go thither peacefully themselves, as to a pillow of repose, worldlings might thus be won to seek that strength which the world is unable to give. He wondered how we could ungratefully withhold from Him, who for our sakes was 'contented to be crucified,' a suffrage which, more than all others, would establish, in the opinions of men, the excellence of His Gospel. And when he thus reasoned, in a low, flute-like tone, and smiled on me as a seraph, who had felt no stain of earth, I blessed God for the piety which, in his soul, had so grown and flourished, that mine, as a dwarf plant, gladly drank the dewy superflux that was shaken from its branches. His morning and nightly supplication was, that peace might again dwell in our valley, and his father no longer be a man of war. There came an interval of

quietness, and then our happiness seemed too exquisite for earth.

"One evening I sat where we now sit, waiting the return of my adored one from his accustomed walk. I was finishing for him the same kind of stocking which I am now knitting for Albert, and which you just now beguiled from my hand, that I might spread out to you this 'scroll of mourning and wo.' I thought with exultation of him for whose comfort my hands were employed. His bright picture, expanded by maternal love, seemed to enwrap and fold over my whole soul.

"Suddenly, upon our grounds, was the report of fire-arms. I hastened to the brow of the hillock. There he lay, stretched at its base. His eyes were fixed. The last convulsion had passed. Blood poured from his mouth and breast, and covered the book on which, but a moment before, he had meditated—a silent student; how soon to be made a seraphic one! I was spared the sight of the death-struggle; but a horrible distortion of features marked this violent rupture of flesh from spirit.

"The assassin had fled. The deed could never be traced to its actor. I knew that the doings of war were fiend-like, but had never imagined a crime like this.

"Your father bore to this very bed the lifeless remains of what had been his trust and glory, perhaps even more than God. A strife of phrensied anger first shook him, and then that fearful anguish which

the strong man feels when his pride is extinguished forever. Woman can scarcely fathom a grief like that. The willow may bow, and become prostrate as a wreck before the blast, yet be raised up again. It may live for years with a pierced heart, and even put forth green branches; but what can it know of the desolation of the scathed oak, lifting up naught but a blackened beacon to the traveler, till it moulders into dust?

"From the stupor that succeeded this paroxysm it was impossible to arouse him. The powerful mind which had ruled others, became incapable to rule itself. Thenceforth, he walked as the dead among the living. Reason dissolved fellowship with memory, and thought with speech. He scarcely uttered a word during the dreadful years that were appointed him, save the name of his murdered first-born."

"Mother, I remember him well, and always with fear, for my playmates told me he was a madman, and that madmen devoured children. His large black eyes often fastened strangely upon me, and I sought to hide myself from him. But you bade me carry him food, and gather flowers for him, and call him *dear father*, and it seemed to soothe him. Sometimes I hoped he would speak to me; but then I heard him repeating to himself, hoarsely and horribly, '*Edmund's blood—yes, Edmund's blood!*' and that low tone, *blood, blood!* haunted me both when I lay down and when I rose up. I heard it in the sullen winds that betoken storms, and when I stopped my ears it

was louder still. But in his last sickness, when he became weak as a child, and you used to lead him out into the sunbeam, or under the sweet shade of the flowering trees, the voice was tender and plaintive with which he so often moaned, '*Edmund, dear Edmund!*'."

Tears gushed from the mother's eyes, as, embracing her daughter, she said, "It was this affliction that humbled me. My other sorrows wounded and shocked, without subduing my spirit. I strove to bow to the All-wise, but I wondered why I, more than others, should be thus bereaved. I believed myself to be a Christian, yet I thought to nourish my sorrow, like the anger of the prophet for his gourd, even unto death. But the humiliation of the mind, in whose strength I had garnered up my own, taught me true submission. The tear with which I first acknowledged that it was good for me to have been afflicted, marked an era in my soul's history never to be forgotten. Years of reflection have since confirmed the precept, that 'whatever God wills, we may be sure is best for us; we can not be sure of what we will for ourselves.'"

"Ah! was it thus you gained that meek expression of countenance which I so love? and which, more plainly than words, says, '*Thy will be done.*' I have sometimes watched you in your slumbers, and even then, those placid features are a comment on our Redeemer's petition, '*Not my will, but Thine.*'"

"Malvina, where can your brother Albert be? He is not wont thus to linger at the village."

The time occupied in sad narration had, indeed, fled unconsciously away. The rising moon, silvering the tree-tops, gave silent witness of the midnight hour. They waited still longer in anxiety, and then reluctantly retired to rest.

But the mother slept not. She ruminated painfully on her absent son. He was ardent in his temperament. She feared that he might have been beguiled by unstable companions; and the prayer that only widowed mothers breathe for an endangered child, rose up, earnest and tremulous, that he might be kept from temptation and delivered from evil.

Malvina, in her sleep, was beautiful. Her high, polished forehead was partially veiled by curls of soft brown hair, and under the slightly flushed cheek lay a delicate hand, as in the helpless innocence of childhood. As the maternal eye gazed on her with delight, her repose became disturbed and broken. The ruby lips quivered, and tears oozed forth from under her long lashes. Such hold had grief on her spirit even in dreams.

Morning had not far advanced when a female was seen approaching. She was recognized as one of the inhabitants of the village, whose time was principally devoted to the transmission of news. More distinguished for volubility than benevolence, it was observed that her activity in imparting the intelligence which she collected, bore proportion to its bitter

ingredients. On the present occasion her speed was eminently accelerated. Her feet, if they made not haste to do evil, were at least swift to convey it. To the question respecting the absent one, the reply of Miss Polly Pierce was rapidly rendered.

"*Your Albert?* Why, where should he be, but with the sogers that marched out of Wilkesbarre before the dawn of day to 'Forty Fort' to fight the British and Indians. Have you not heard how they have come down from Niagara, more than a thousand strong, and took Wintermoot Fort just as easy as you'd smash an egg-shell? I believe you never would hear the leastest news in the world, if I did not take the pains to find your queer out-of-the-way place, and tell you."

Observing the mute expression of anguish with which the mother clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed,

"Why, the land's sake! Miss Dorrance, your children are no better flesh and blood than other folks, I suppose. I am sure Albert, being sixteen, is fully able-bodied enough to do military duty. You did not live in our valley when Ogden's block-house was besieged and taken. The firing, and all the doings there, was as grand as any we read about in history books; and I dare say it will be grander to-day, for at the head of the Wyoming people are Colonel Butler, and Colonel Denison, both as bold as lions."

"Do you know any thing of the plan of the expedition?" inquired the mother, faintly.

"Don't be so afeard, Miss Dorrance. I guess Colonel Zebulon Butler knows what he is about. There is no wiser nor better man than he. But the expedition, as you call it, was got up something in a hurry, I do expect. It was not worth while to wait to mince matters, when Brandt, the fierce chief who tomahawks every body, had floated down the Susquehanna with a power of painted Indians. What way was there but to go out and meet them, and kill them, before they could get a chance to kill us? Why, I am something of a soger myself. I remember as far back as the old '63 war with the Yankees. I was right glad when they were driven off, and their women, so mighty delicate, who held their heads up so much higher than the Pennsylvany people, had to wade through swamps, and travel sixty miles through an awful wilderness. I never liked them Connecticut settlers; they felt so wonderful grand with their larning, and made such a fuss about teaching the children to read and write. But I beg pardon, I forgot that you belonged to that class of bodies yourself.

"Well, I hope your boy will get back again safe and sound. Why, you are turning as white as a sheet! Now what's the use of making yourself sick, Miss Dorrance? Here, Malvey! Malvine! what's your name? run for some water, and throw it in your mother's face. I must get away, farther up into

the woods, to Goody Follet's, whose husband and two sons have gone to the battle, and who, I suppose, knows no more about the news than you did, till I took the pains to come and tell you."

Hereupon Miss Polly Pierce prepared to take her departure; yet, pausing on the threshold, added a few words:

"You know to-morrow is the 4th of July, the second anniversary of what they call their Declaration of Independence. I always thought it was a wicked thing. I do not believe it will come to any good. Who can say but the coming of these British and Indians is a judgment upon that very account? I approve of wars, to be sure, but then the fighting ought to be between equals, and not against them that the Lord has anointed and set over us. Brandt would be a terrible scourge to us if they should get the victory. He knows every cross-path and lurking-hole in the land. He calls himself the son of Sir William Johnson, notwithstanding he is an Indian. They say he has a great cave just on the edge of Canada line, hung thick round with scalps, all fresh and green, that he peeled off with his own hands from the heads of young men and women."

The lonely mother and daughter strove to comfort each other, and to stay their minds upon God. It was not appointed that they should long endure the agony of suspense. That day, the massacre and conflagration of Wyoming darkened the annals of our land. The flight of the villagers from their burning

dwellings; their temporary concealment in the mountains; their toilsome way through pathless deserts and morasses to the distant Delaware, are on the page of history. Many sick and feeble ones perished. The wilderness of their disastrous pilgrimage received, and still retains, the appropriate appellation of the "Shades of Death." The timid Malvina clung to her mother, and alternately lending and receiving support, they at length reached a refuge among pitying friends.

The tide of war continued to sweep with fierce fluctuations through the Valley of Wyoming. In its protracted struggles, it approximated to that state of society where the "right of the strongest reigns, and the idea of justice, if it comes at all, comes only to be trodden under foot by passion." The Connecticut colonists evinced their national courage and tenacity in defence of their homes, and what they deemed their legal possessions. The Pennsylvanians were equally inflexible in what they considered their antecedent rights. The Aborigines contended for their favorite dominion with a lion-like despair. Each party, alternately dispossessed or triumphant, kept in exercise those energies to which war supplies so abundant an aliment. Every spot of that rich vale required and brought its full price in blood. While Nature there lavished her sweetest charms, man darkly contrasted them with his own demoniac passions.

At length an interval of peace came, like soft blue

through the rent thunder-cloud. The powerful army of General Sullivan, deputed in 1779 to proceed to that devoted spot, awed the Indians, and restored a period of tranquillity. The fugitive colonists began to return and rebuild the ruins of Wilkesbarre. But other years elapsed ere the widowed mother and daughter, with whose fortunes our tale began, were induced to re-inhabit their long-deserted abode.

From its retired situation, it had eluded the eye of the victors in the massacre, and thus escaped conflagration. It was not till the midsummer of 1782 that its little casements were observed to be raised, and the white curtains that formerly shaded them, again fluttering in the breeze.

But within its walls there was a change. A lady, on whom disease and sorrow seemed to have done prematurely and pitiably the work of age, sat in the arm-chair where of old she had reclined. Around her mouth was that unvaried, perpetual smile of fatuity, which more than any frown of anger, harrows the heart of love. She seldom raised her eyes, or replied directly to any question. There she sat, bowed over in partial unconsciousness, ever *knitting, knitting*. The invincible industry and the causeless smile were alike sad to the beholder.

At her side, ministering to her every want, was a gentle being, whose exceeding beauty, early taking the cast of pensive thought, was rendered more touching, more sublimated. She hoped, in the warmth of

her filial love, that the influence of long-remembered scenes might open some of those cells where the mind was bound as in a prison-house. But the uncomplaining invalid, whom severe sickness had deprived of energy, drew no prompting from the most powerful associations.

"Dear mother, here are some of the flowers you were so fond of cultivating. They are in the very same spot where they were wont to grow. Please to see how fragrant they are."

"Yes, yes, Edmund likes them. Save them for Edmund."

"Will you lean on my arm and take a walk in our little garden? It is green and beautiful."

"I'll wait for Albert. He will come soon. Your arm is not strong enough. You are but a baby, Malvina."

There was still a lingering, though feeble hope, that the conversation of friends might touch some chord of the slumbering intellect. But the broken-minded one, welcomed each visitor with the same kind phrase, greeted them with the same unmeaning smile, and at their departure begged them to wait a little, till her two sons returned.

It was therefore with less of shuddering than could have rationally been expected, that Malvina saw Miss Polly Pierce enter their abode. Who knows, thought she, but a rough hand may best prevail to loose the seals of that gentle sufferer's soul?

"Good morning—good morning, neighbor Dor-

rance; welcome to Wyoming again. How pleasant you look! You love to see kind old friends, no doubt. But how mighty thin and crooked you're growin', and shrunk up short, like a little child."

"Have you seen my son Albert?"

"Albert! Your son! The Lord bless you, my good woman! Why, nobody could be sure of his corpse after the battle, it was so dreadfully hacked and hewed. But one of our old neighbors picked up a dead hand, and he said it was shaped so exactly like yours, Miss Dorrancé, that he felt sure it must have belonged to your child. And only think, it was clutching a gun, notwithstanding it was cut off."

Malvina convulsively caught hold of the speaker, as one who anticipates a painful operation sometimes grasps the arm of the surgeon.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Malvina? Belike, they might have been mistaken in saying that dead hand was Albert's. There was another story about his being one of them who was killed at Bloody Rock. The old squaw sachem had her son shot by some of the white people, a year or two before. So, after the battle, she was promised twenty prisoners to pay the debt with, and she had her pick and choice out of the finest-looking men of Wyoming. The savage creature took the youngest and handsomest she could find, and put them to death with the most awfullest tortures. She made all the blood in their bodies run out upon Bloody Rock, and its dark, iron-colored stains are plain to be seen

there now. But I never believed Albert was murdered there. Considering how spunky he was, I don't think he outlived the battle.

"Well, it was hard for you to lose one that you sot so much by, I dare say. But your loss is nothing to be compared to old Miss Whittlesey's. You surely can't feel so bad as she. Her two sons were full out as good-looking as Albert, and older too. On the massaker-day, as they call it, the youngest one, Will Whittlesey that was—he with the great blue eyes, and fair, curly hair—seeing that the battle was likely to go hard with us, threw himself into the water, and swum like a duck to Monockenoch Island. But close behind, pursuing him, was a white man and an Indian, ready to kill him as soon as they were able to seize him. When poor Will reached the island, his breath was e'enajust gone, and he had scarce strength to hide among the bushes. The men passed by again and again, searching for him. Then he knew by the voice that the white man was his brother Tom, who had joined the British, and his heart beat freer, for he felt secure. He did not know that a Tory brother was worse than an Indian foe. So Tom found Will, and dragged him from his hiding-place. The poor young man, alarmed at his threatening and fiery face, knelt down, and cried, 'Oh! brother, save me! save me!' 'There is no brotherhood between us,' said the proud Tory. Then poor William reminded him how they had played together, and loved each other from their infant years; and

he promised to serve and obey him, and work for him without wages, if he would only spare his life. Seeing that his brother looked still furiously at him, he clasped about his knees, and begged for his life for their mother's sake. But just as he was crying '*for our poor mother's sake,*' the cruel dragon shot him through the breast, and his blood gushed out over his brother's feet as he fell dead upon them. A black boy, who had hidden in a thicket near by, and was not discovered, told the story, and directed poor Willy's friends where to find his body. There it lay, with its gaping, deadly wound, while Cain, as I call him, Cain Whittlesey, fled away, and made his home with the British in Canada."

Perceiving how fast Malvina's tears flowed, the narrator exclaimed,

"Now don't take on so. What I say is for your good, that is, for your mother's benefit. I think it is fitting she be made to comprehend that her two sons are dead, seeing she professes to be a Christian woman."

Then, advancing her chair, and raising her tone as if to one hopelessly deaf, she vociferated,

"Good woman! can't you remember about Tedeuscund, the great six-foot Indian, that had his throat cut and his wigwam burned by the Tuscaroras in '58, because he favored the whites?"

"*Edmund remembers.*"

"Edmund don't! for I take it he was not born; at any rate, you had not moved to Wyoming. Why, young woman, your mother will get to be a perfect

heathen. She does not appear to know the living from the dead. Who are you so busy a knitting stockings for, ma'am?"

"For my two sons. Malvina must have a pair when they are provided for. Poor baby! she must not be forgot when the boys' are ready."

"If that don't beat all natur'! Knitting stockings for men that are dead and gone, and can have no use for them! It is truly awful! Look here, Miss Dorrance! can't you be made to understand that Albert was cut as fine as mince-meat by the British, and that Edmund was shot through the heart by nobody knows who?"

Malvina was sensibly relieved when the entrance of other visitants put a stop to this harrowing narration, though her mother had listened to it with that fixed, inexpressive smile of the features in which the soul has no part. Gradually and gently there was a failing of strength, and a visible tending downward to the tomb.

One night she was more than usually restless and troubled. Toward the morning watch she called out suddenly, though faintly,

"Daughter, daughter! my two sons have come for me. Lay aside my work, and help me to get ready, that I may go with them."

And then, as if death for a moment lifted up the crushed organs of thought, and poured a flood of light into all the curtained recesses where the mind had languished, she exclaimed, in ecstasy,

"Oh! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and goodness of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! One more kiss, dear Malvina. Angels wait for me. The Savior will be thy comforter, and thou shalt come to us. Beloved, it is but a little while—"

Her embrace relaxed, but the white lips still murmured, "Yet a little while, and thou shalt come—"

A deep sigh wrought itself into the sound "*beloved.*"

It was the last, and the clay rested in peace.

Dawn came on with a chill shudder, like the grief that paralyzed the daughter's heart. Sole mourner as she stood by the side of the dead, she was not able at once to receive the full sense of her afflictions. Almost, it would seem as if the young spirit had taken flight with the mother it had so long watched, so pallid was the countenance, so immovable the eye. But from the stupor of grief she was roused by the pressure of duties that devolved upon her.

After the funeral obsequies, while the sympathy of friends was earnest in proposing a change of residence and proffering the requisite protection, it was perceived that her plans were already formed. During her exile from Wyoming she had become acquainted with the sect of Moravians, and their simple and soothing spirit of piety had conciliated her confidence and regard. It had become her deliberate decision to take refuge among them, when Heaven should complete the bereavement for which it had

vouchsafed her so long a season of preparation. She had visited their settlement of converted Indians at Wyalusing, and witnessed the simple and solemn worship in their chapel, and saw with delight how the tenets of Zinzendorff might soften and elevate even the rude red men of the forest.

After disposing of the small estate left in her possession, she retired to Nazareth, a beautiful Moravian village in Pennsylvania, and became a resident in the house of the single sisters. The kiss of welcome from that vestal train soothed her spirit to peace, as the dove folded her ruffled pinions at the casement of the ark, from a world of troubled waters.

The consistent, contemplative piety which breathed its serene atmosphere around, soothed her affliction. Unencumbered by any vow of celibacy, which, in the institutions of the United Brethren, is neither proposed nor permitted to be taken, she found the spot which she had chosen, most congenial to her brotherless and sisterless heart. The culture of flowers was a favorite solace, and those which her mother had peculiarly loved she taught to blossom, or to curtain her window with their fair leaves and clasping tendrils.

The education of children gave early prominence to the Moravian establishments of Bethlehem and Nazareth. One, by its system of instruction for girls, and the other for boys, acquired deserved celebrity. From different and distant parts of these states, then newly united after the War of Revolution, parents

sent thither the young scions of their pride and hope. They felt it wisdom to intrust their nurture to those who made religion, "*without controversy*," the root of all their teachings; appealed to it in sorrow as their consolation; derived from it the rudiments of a self-denying benevolence; mingled it, as a heightening principle, with every joy; and wore its semblance on their brow in the smile that childhood loves.

Nazareth, by its seclusion from temptation and evil example, revealed peculiar facilities for a nursery of the young mind. It has been mentioned that it was distinguished by its excellent school for boys. The female children of the village, and a few others, were also favored in being placed under the immediate charge of the single sisters. In this employment Malvina found delightful scope for her active virtues and her ever-growing benevolence. To the lonely and chastened spirit, no vocation is more salutary than that of instructing the young. Association with the unbowed and healthful heart, imparts elasticity to that which has painfully realized either the world's emptiness or its own infirmity. To feel the consciousness of doing good, to unfold the page of knowledge to the enraptured mind, to gather those grateful affections whose root is in that rapture, are unspeakable privileges.

Malvina, by the gracefulness of true goodness, taught her pupils the happiness that it inspires. She walked before them as a good angel, willing a while to leave heaven's bright heritage for their sakes. The

precepts by which she allured them to piety were the holy smile that she wore, and the trusting prayer that she taught them to breathe, both in sorrow and in joy.

Thus years passed over her, leaving her still beautiful. Time seemed to cast on her neither "spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing." His commission respecting her was to modify, not to extinguish or to take away; for he has nothing to do with that beauty which rests not on "a set of features or complexion," but on the tincture of the soul. In the trials and causes of irritation which sometimes befell her (for what earthly lot excludes them?), the subdued expression of her calm countenance seemed to be, "*I am silent; I offer myself in sacrifice;*" while the brightness ever beaming from her eye, replied, as if in rebuke, "*No, not sacrifice, glad incense—a hymn of praise.*" Gathering around her the little group that she so loved to guide, she sometimes said,

"My office reminds me of a dream that I once had in my childhood. Methought I was feeding a white lamb from a cup of milk. While it took the food, it looked lovingly up to me as to its mother. Then a voice, as of the harp, spake from the high clouds, 'Bring the lamb unto me;' and I said, 'I will, Lord,' for I thought it was the voice of the Lamb that was slain for us.

"I awoke, and gave that sweet dream to Memory, that she might keep it among her honey blossoms. Now, when she brings it freshly back, it seems that

you, my docile and loving flock, are like that white lamb. Then I pour out for you the 'pure milk of the Word,' and the spirit of my vision forms itself into a prayer; and to the charge of my Savior, 'Bring them every one to me,' I answer, perhaps too fondly, '*I will, Lord.*' Help me, blessed ones, that my promise be not in vain."

It was once, near the close of a long and cloudless summer Sabbath, that the sun, drawing toward his rest, cast upon the peaceful roofs and quiet shades of Nazareth a flood of unwonted brilliance. A train was seen slowly pursuing a path over the brow of a verdant hill in the center of the village. Passing without a glance the beautiful public garden, with its deep recesses and glowing plants, and arbors, and fountains, they approached the cemetery, whose gate was near that of this ornamented domain, as if to teach the reflecting mind that the exit and entrance of life are scarcely divided, and that man every where, as well as in ancient Judea, may find in his "garden a sepulcher."

They paused at the gate of the City of the Dead. Music from wind-instruments, mingling with deep-toned voices, swelled out on the soft breeze touching the fountain of tender tears. At first it was plaintive, as if bidding farewell to beloved scenes in the name of the sleeper upon the bier. Then, thrilling more wildly, it seemed to implore of the genius of that hallowed spot room for a new habitant, a narrow chamber where he might be troubled no more.

They entered the place of tombs. Neither weed, nor bramble, nor shadow of gloom defaced it. Over every grave flowers and aromatic shrubs clustered, and were so thickly interwoven, that the horizontal stone, bearing the name of the tenant below, was partially hidden from view.

At an open grave the procession stayed. The solemn service in the deep German intonations, from the lips of the venerable pastor, drew deeper power from the surrounding scenery. But when the expectant tomb was about to take its treasure, there was such a burst of melody, of Him who "conquered death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel," that the consignment of earth to earth was not in tears, but in joyous hope.

Surely Music should consecrate the tomb when it takes the Christian to its bosom. She hath a right to stand wherever Faith plants an anchor. She announced to the shepherds the coming of Him who is our salvation; let her lift up her voice when the soul returneth to His arms. It is fitting that the shrouded form, which at the last day shall come forth in glory, should go to its turf-pillow with a sacred song. What right have despair and weeping to watch over the body, while the spirit, rejoicing in its "exceeding great reward," tastes a bliss beyond earth's imagining?

The requiem ceased. Little children robed in white pressed to the very verge of the grave. They looked steadily into it, with calm, untroubled faces.

It would seem that even they had learned how death might be deprived of fear.

A group of beautiful girls stood near. They were of that age when the blossom bursts the green envelop of childhood, taking the first perfect rose-tint of youth. Their heads declined toward each other, like the bells of the lily of the vale, drooping and surcharged with rain. They were long silent. Then a low, tuneful tone breathed out,

"We will not sorrow as without hope. She was an angel in our path. Will she not still be our guardian spirit, watchful, though unseen?" Other voices, tremulous and sweet, replied,

"It would best please her not to be remembered by tears, but by the life of goodness she taught us."

Of whom did they speak? Of Malvina, the beloved and sainted one, who, by the meekly-endured sorrows of earth, had been fitted for an abode in heaven.

THE

LADY OF MOUNT VERNON.

"I would not have my land like Rome,
So lofty, and so cold,
Be hers a lowlier majesty,
In yet a nobler mould."

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THE LADY OF MOUNT VERNON.

The state of society in Virginia, a century since, was unique and imposing. The "Ancient Dominion" retained stronger features of resemblance to the father-land than any of its sisters. The manners of the nobility of England had been transplanted, with little external change, to the territory of Powhatan. A kind of feudal magnificence, a high and quick sense of honor, a generous and lordly hospitality, early characterized a State which has given to this western empire so many of its mightiest and noblest names.

Traces of these lineaments still exist in that sunny clime. Yet our severance from the parent country, while it marred her likeness among all the colonies, obscured it less palpably in the countenance of her eldest-born. One of the first innovations was the breaking down of that courtly and almost solemn etiquette, which had marked the intercourse of the higher classes. "I know your age by the edition of your manners," said a lady of discernment to a gentleman distinguished for politeness. "I am certain that you were educated before the Revolution." But the republicanism, which may have swept with too full a tide over our national manners, had, at the

period of which we speak, no existence in Virginia. The levees of her royal governors, though stripped of monarchical pomp, displayed a remnant of those "stately steppings of chivalry" with which the titled and the valiant of a former age were accustomed, in European courts, to pay homage to rank and beauty.

In the winter of 1748, the levees of Governor Gooch opened with unwonted splendor at Williamsburg. Many of the members of the Assembly took with them the *élite* of their families, and this session was graced by the presence of several young and high-born maidens, who had never before been presented at court. One among them was evidently the theme of general admiration. Some of the statelier matrons criticised her as deficient in height. But, though somewhat beneath the middle stature, she possessed that rounded and exquisite symmetry which the early historians have ascribed to the fascinating Ann Boleyn, while her pure complexion and clear eye were finely contrasted with dark, glossy, and redundant hair. Still it was found difficult, by common observers, to analyze her beauty; for it rested not on any predominant gift, but on the consent of the whole person in loveliness. Grace of movement and melody of voice were among its more apparent elements. The slight rose-leaf tinge upon her cheek was heightened when she spoke, or, if the subject imbodied feeling, deepened to a flush of carmine, disappearing as rapidly as it came. But what chiefly won old and young, was a bland cheerfulness,

the silent history of the soul's happiness, and an expressive smile, inspiring every beholder with confidence, like a beam from the temple of Truth. Though she had scarcely numbered twice eight summers, there was about her a womanly dignity which chastened the most forward admiration into respect.

Among those who paid their devoirs to this lovely young creature was Colonel Custis, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time. His tall and elegant form was adapted to athletic exercises, to the control of the spirited charger, or the show of military evolution. Still he appeared to uncommon advantage in the minuet, which was then executed among the higher circles in the "Ancient Dominion" with all the precision and grace by which it was characterized at the court of Louis Fourteenth. Yet it was observed that this favorite dance, when shared with the lady whom he admired, was far less prized than the conversations that followed; when, with eyes intensely fixed, as if to read the soul, he recorded each fragment of a word, or the slightest suffusion of countenance in his heart of hearts.

The Honorable John Custis, of Arlington, held at that period the office of king's counselor, and was a man of wealth and distinction. His attendance at Williamsburg during the present session had been somewhat interrupted by ill health; and, while there, the grave and absorbing duties of the statesman had left him ignorant what reigning beauties had produced sensation at court. Not long after the sus-

pension of the levees, and the return of the burgesses to their homes, the counselor requested an interview in his private cabinet with his son, Colonel Daniel Park Custis. There was a singular mixture of gravity and condescension in his manner as he desired him to be seated, and thus opened the discourse.

"I have for some time wished to see you on an interesting subject. Though still young, I consider you to have arrived at years of discretion." The colonel bowed.

"You know Colonel Byrd, of Westover, to be my very particular friend. His daughter is one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in Virginia. It is my desire that you form with her a matrimonial alliance."

"My dear sir, I have not the vanity of supposing that I could render myself acceptable to Miss Byrd."

"No objection on that head. Her father and myself have settled it. Indeed, I may as well tell you that we have had numberless conversations on this business, and that you have both been as good as betrothed from the cradle. Think, my son, of the advantages of such a connection, the contiguity of estates, the amount of wealth and power that will thus ultimately pass into your hands."

"Affection, sir, seems to me the only bond that can hallow so intimate a union. Not even my reverence for the best of fathers, could induce me to enter it from mercenary motives."

"Mercenary, sir! mercenary! Who ever before

dared to couple that word with my name?" And the counselor raised himself to his full height, and fixed a kindling eye upon his son. Then, pacing the apartment a few turns, he resumed his theme. "You speak of the affection that should precede marriage. Have the goodness to understand that the misplacing of yours may materially affect your patrimonial inheritance." He waited for a reply, but in vain. "May I inquire if you have thought fit thus early to decide seriously on the preference of any young lady as a companion for life?"

"I have, sir."

"May I be favored with a knowledge of her name?"

"Miss Martha Dandridge."

The high-spirited gentlemen parted in mutual resentment. But the reflection of a night restored both to better feelings. The father began to excuse the son by recalling the warmth of his own early attachment; while the son referred the testiness of the father to the sudden disappointment of a long-cherished plan, and the querulousness of feeble health. Still, as it usually happens with proud men, neither would make the first advance to open his heart to the other; and a slight, though clearly perceptible shade of coldness gathered over their intercourse. So this interview served as a stimulant to the progress of matrimony. The temporary reserve of the father, throwing something like gloom over the paternal mansion, heightened the frequency and fervor

of the visits of the lover. The gentle object of his preference imagined no barrier to an alliance where no obvious inequality was supposed to exist; and he forbore to communicate what would only occasion perplexity, and what, he trusted, would soon vanish like the "baseless fabric of a vision." According to his happy prescience, the dignified counselor gave his consent to the nuptials, and the flower of the court of Williamsburg became a bride in the blush of her seventeenth summer.

The residence of the new pair was a retired and romantic mansion on the banks of the Pamumkey. It reared its snowy walls amid a profusion of vines and flowering trees. Broad plantations, and the wealth of Virginian forests, variegated the scenery. Rural occupations, and the delight of each other's society, spread for them what they deemed a paradise. In visits to their favored dwelling, the counselor learned to appreciate the treasure of his new daughter. Her excellence, in the responsible sphere to which she was introduced, won his regard; and, with the ingenuousness of an honorable mind, when convinced of error, he sought every opportunity of distinguishing that merit to which he had once done injustice. When he saw the grace and courtesy with which she maintained a generous hospitality; the judgment, far beyond her years, displayed in the management of her servants; the energy, the early rising, the cheerful alacrity that regulated and beautified the internal mechanism of her family; the

disinterestedness with which she forgot herself and sought the good of others; but, above all, her untiring devotion to her husband, and to the little ones who sprang up around her, he gloried in the sentiment of his son, that strong personal affection should form the basis of matrimonial happiness.

But this scene of exquisite felicity was not long to last. The death of the two oldest children prepared the way for the deeper loss of the adored husband and father. Yet in the trying situation of a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow, she continued to evince unvarying discretion, and faithfully to discharge every important duty.

It was in the spring of 1758 that two gentlemen, on horseback, attended by a servant, wound their way slowly through the luxuriant scenery that diversifies the county of New Kent. The conspicuous personage of the group was tall, graceful, and commanding, in a rich military undress, and apparently about twenty-five years of age. He would have been a model for the sculptor when Rome was in her best days. His companion was an elderly man in a plain garb, who, by the familiarity with which he pointed out surrounding objects, would seem to be taking his daily round upon his own estate. As they approached the avenue to an antique mansion, he placed his hand upon the rein of his companion:

"Nay, Colonel Washington, let it never be said that you passed the house of your father's friend

without dismounting. I must insist on the honor of detaining you as my guest."

"Thanks to you, my dear sir; but I ride in haste, the bearer of dispatches to our governor in Williamsburg, which may not brook delay."

"Is this the noble steed which was given you by the dying Braddock on the fatal field of Monongahela? and this the servant he bequeathed you at the same time?"

Washington answered in the affirmative.

"Then, my dear colonel, thus mounted and attended, you may well dine with me, and by borrowing somewhat of this fine moonlight, reach Williamsburg ere his excellency shall have shaken off his morning slumbers."

"Do I understand that I may be excused immediately after dinner?"

"Immediately, with all the promptness of military discipline."

"Then, sir, I accept your hospitality," and gracefully throwing himself from his spirited charger, he resigned him to his English servant, giving, at the same time, strict orders for the hour of departure on their urgent journey.

"I am rejoiced, Colonel Washington," said the hospitable old gentleman, "thus fortunately to have met you on my morning ride; and the more so, as I have some guests who may make the repast pass pleasantly, and will not fail to appreciate a young and gallant soldier."

Washington bowed his thanks, and was introduced to the company. Virginia's far-famed hospitality was well set forth in that spacious baronial hall. The social feast was closed precisely at the time the host had predicted. The servant also was punctual. He knew the habits of his master. At the appointed moment he stood with the horses caparisoned at the gate. Yet long did the proud steed champ his bit, and curve his arching neck, and paw the broken turf. And much did the menial marvel, as, listening to every footstep that paced down the avenue, he saw the sun sink in the west, and yet no master appear. When was he ever before known to fail in punctuality? The evening air breathed cool and damp, and soothed the impatience of the chafing courser. At length orders came that the horses should be put up for the night. Wonder upon wonder! when his business with the governor was so urgent! The sun rode high in the heavens the next day ere Washington mounted for his journey. No explanation was given. But it was rumored that among the guests was a beautiful and youthful widow, to whose charms the hero had responded. This was farther confirmed by his tarrying but a brief space at Williamsburg, and retracing his route with unusual celerity, and becoming a frequent visitor at the house of the late Colonel Custis in that vicinity, where, the following year, his nuptials were celebrated. "And rare and high," says G. W. P. Custis, Esq., the descendant and biographer of the lady, "rare and high was the

revelry at that palmy period of Virginia's festal age; for many were gathered to that marriage of the good, the great, the gifted, and the gay; while Virginia, with joyful acclamations, hailed in the prosperous and happy bridegroom her favorite chief."

Henceforth the life of the Lady of Mount Vernon is a part of the history of her country. In that hallowed retreat she was found entering into the plans of Washington, sharing his confidence, and making his household happy. There her only daughter, Martha Custis, died in the bloom of youth; and a few years after, when the troubles of the country drew her husband to the post of commander-in-chief of her armies, she accompanied him to Boston, and witnessed its siege and evacuation. For eight years he returned no more to enjoy his beloved residence on the banks of the Potomac. During his absence she made the most strenuous efforts to sustain her added responsibilities, and to endure, with changeless trust in Heaven, continual anxiety for the safety of her husband and the fate of the country. At the close of each campaign she repaired, in compliance with his wishes, to headquarters, where the ladies of the general officers joined her in forming such a society as diffused a cheering influence over even the gloom of such winters as those at Valley Forge and Morristown. The opening of every campaign was the signal of the return of Lady Washington (as she was called in the army) to her domestic cares at Mount Vernon. "I heard," said she, "the first and

the last cannon of the Revolutionary war." The rejoicings which attended the surrender of Cornwallis in the autumn of 1781 marked for her a season of the deepest private sorrow. Her only remaining child, Colonel John Custis, the aid-de-camp of Washington, became, during his arduous duties at the siege of Yorktown, the victim of an epidemic fever, and died at the age of twenty-seven. He was but a boy of five years at the time of her second marriage, and had drawn forth strongly the affection and regard of her illustrious husband, who shared her affliction for his loss, and by the tenderest sympathy sought its alleviation.

After the close of the war a few years were devoted to the enjoyment and embellishment of their beloved Mount Vernon. Returning peace and prosperity to the land of their birth gave pure and bright ingredients to their cup of happiness. Their mansion was thronged with guests of distinction, all of whom remarked with admiration the energy of the Lady of Mount Vernon in the complicated duties of a Virginian housekeeper, and the elegance and grace with which she presided at her noble board.

The voice of a free nation, conferring on General Washington the highest honor in its power to bestow, was not obeyed without a sacrifice of feeling. It was in the spring of 1789 that, with his lady, he bade adieu to his tranquil abode, to assume the cares of the first presidency. In his domestic establishment, as in his political course, he mingled the simpli-

city of a Republic with that true dignity which he felt necessary to secure the respect of older governments. The furniture of his house, the livery of his servants, the entertainment of his guests, displayed elegance, while they rejected ostentation. In all these arrangements his beloved consort was a second self. Her Friday evening levees, at which he was always present, exhibited that perfect etiquette which should mark the intercourse of the dignified and high-bred. Commencing at seven, and closing at ten, they lent no more sanction to late hours than to levity. The first lady of the nation still preserved the habits of early life. Indulging in no indolence, she left her pillow at dawn, and after breakfast retired to her chamber an hour for the study of the Scriptures and devotion. This practice, it is said, during the period of half a century, she never omitted. The duties of the Sabbath were dear to her. The president and herself attended public worship with regularity, and in the evening he read to her in her chamber the Scriptures and a sermon.

The spring of 1797 opened for them with the most pleasing anticipations. The burdens of high office were resigned, and they were about to retire for the remainder of their days to the delightful shades of Mount Vernon. The new turf, springing into greenness wherever they trod, the vernal blossoms unfolding to greet them, the warbled welcome of the birds were never more dear, as they returned to their rural retreat, hallowed by the recollections of earlier

years, and of duties well performed. Alas! in two years Washington was no more. The shock of his death, after an illness of only twenty-four hours, fell like a thunderbolt upon the beloved and bereaved woman. That piety which had so long been her strength, continued its support, but her heart drooped. Cheerfulness did not utterly forsake her, yet she discharged the habitual round of duties as one who felt that the "glory had departed."

How beautiful and characteristic was her reply to the solicitations of the highest authority of the nation, that the remains of her illustrious husband might be removed to the seat of government, and a monument erected to mark the spot of their repose.

"Taught by the great example which I have had so long before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the will of my country, I consent to the request made by Congress; and, in doing this, I need not, I can not say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

The intention of the Congress of 1799 has not been executed, nor the proposed monument erected. The enthusiasm of the time passed away, and the many and conflicting cares of a great nation turned its thoughts from thus perpetuating *his* memory, whose image, it trusted, would be embalmed by an imperishable gratitude.

Scarcely were two years of her lonely widowhood accomplished ere the Lady of Mount Vernon felt the approach of death. Gathering her family around

her, she impressed on them the value of that religion which from youth she had trusted, and loved onward to hoary hairs; then calmly resigning her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, full of years and full of honors, she was laid in the tomb of Washington.

In this outline of the lineaments of the Lady of Mount Vernon, we perceive that it was neither the beauty with which she was endowed, nor the high station which she attained, that gave enduring lustre to her character, but her Christian fidelity in those duties which devolve upon her sex. These fitted her to irradiate the home, to lighten the cares, to cheer the anxieties, to sublimate the enjoyments of him who, in the expressive language of Chief-justice Marshall, was "so favored of Heaven as to depart without exhibiting the weakness of humanity."

Though this slight sketch can boast no element of attraction for the lover of romance, yet the symmetry of her character whom it aims to portray, and her identification with him whom all delight to honor, should claim a place in the lasting remembrance and love of the American people.

A TALE OF POLAND.

"Oh! moments to others, but ages to me,
I have sate with the brow of the dead on my knee,
In the purple of eve, at the flashing of morn,
I have bent o'er the cherish'd, that left me forlorn,
And I gazed on the dimness that froze in the eye,
So bright in its burning, its glances so high,
And I watch'd the Consumer, as ever he crept,
And feasted where beauty and glory had slept."

RANSOM.

A TALE OF POLAND.

Among the pleasant abodes which, during the happier days of Poland, diversified the suburbs of Warsaw, was one which always attracted the attention of the traveler. It was less distinguished by splendor than by that combination of elegance with simplicity not common in a country where the palace and the hut, standing side by side, contrasted the extremes of opulence and poverty. Situated on a gentle eminence, overshadowed by trees, and imbosomed in shrubbery, it seemed modestly seeking to hide its own elevation. A dark forest in the background strongly defined the outline of its white turrets, while the sighing sound of the wind through the branches mingled with the murmurs of the neighboring Vistula like melancholy music.

This sweetly rural retreat was the residence of John Radzivil, a descendant from the ancient nobility of Poland. Nurtured in the loftiness of liberty, there was ever upon his brow a painful consciousness of the subjugation of his country. Burying himself in retirement, he turned his attention to such pursuits as might not rouse the jealousy of despotism, though the temper of his mind was rather to court

the storm than to cower beneath it. The dismemberment of his native realm, her loss of a seat among the nations, and the oppressive dynasty of Russia, darkened his meditations and imbittered his solitude.

But in his own home was a spirit of peace, suggesting endurance, or striving to awaken hope. Ulrica, the gentle and beautiful one, with whom a union of ten years had left his love unimpaired, employed the whole force of her influence to win him from melancholy themes. Deep acquaintance with historic lore, and warm native sympathies, led her feelingly to deplore the immolation of her country; but the spirit of piety which had taken possession of her soul taught her to deprecate every vengeful and hostile purpose, and to view the voluntary shedding of blood, not only as an evil to be dreaded, but as a sin to be shunned. Capable of appreciating the higher and bolder energies, her happiness was imbosomed in domestic duties and affections, and she sought to inspire all her household with that love of peace which preserves the fountains of bliss untroubled. It was her delight to lull her infant with such low, quiet music, that sleep would hang long suspended upon the half-closed lids, itself a listener. Even the little trusting sparrow, that in pursuit of crumbs had ventured to pass the threshold, would seem to linger at the sound of those exquisite melodies, standing long upon one foot, and turning its head rapidly from side to side, as if longing to bear to the children of its own nest those soothing and

tuneful strains. She loved to instruct her daughter in those accomplishments that render home delightful, and by the influence of a sweet, subduing smile to recall her if her young spirit wandered or was weary. But most of all, she loved to cheer his despondence whose heart reposed its confidence on hers; and when it encountered those thorns and brambles with which the curse of Adam hath sown the earth, to restore in its own sanctuary some image of cloudless Eden. Yet their bower of bliss was not free from the intrusion of care. Ulrica felt deep anxiety for her little son, in whom she could not but perceive the incipient tastes of a warrior. The piercing eye and raven locks, which he inherited from his father, gave to the exceeding beauty of his childhood a lofty expression, which no beholder could witness without repeating the gaze of admiration. His mother, discerning the structure of his mind in infancy, labored continually to stamp upon its waxen tablet the impress of peace. Even then the ground seemed preoccupied. Every leaf of olive that she cherished was plucked as if by an invisible hand. Often, when she flattered herself that the warbled melody of some sacred lay had reached and won his soul, he would suddenly raise his head from her bosom, and say,

"Sing me the battle song of Sobieski, when he rushed upon the Turk; it is far finer music."

Sometimes, when she narrated from the Blessed Volume the lives of the men of peace, of the apostles, who went forth bearing the precious Gospel, and

of heaven's hymn, sung by angels to the watching shepherds when the Redeemer of sinners was born, he would exclaim,

"Tell me now of him who slew the Egyptian when he saw him mocking his people, and of the stripling who beheaded the giant, and of that glorious warrior who bade the sun and the moon to stand still in their courses, that he might have light, and a long day to destroy his enemies."

The oppressive government of the Grand-duke Constantine became every day more intolerable. It assumed the worst forms of wanton cruelty. Surrounded by his Russian minions, he took delight in humbling the nobility of Poland, subjecting them to causeless penalties and offensive vassalage. In addition to these brutal abuses of power, a system of espionage was established in Warsaw, so strict that home was no sanctuary. It extended even to the schools. He was not ashamed to employ emissaries and reporters among infants. He desired to crush in the bud every indication of the love of liberty. Even the enthusiasm that lingered around the fallen glory of Poland was visited as a crime; and trembling History hid her annal from the eye of Despotism.

A boy had inscribed on his seat in school the date of some event distinguished in the record of his country. This circumstance was deemed of sufficient importance to be transmitted to Constantine, who sentenced him to be torn from his parents and placed

for life in the lowest ranks of the army, yet held incapable of advancement. The unhappy mother sought long and vainly for an audience. Once, when leaving his palace for an excursion of pleasure, she threw herself at his feet, imploring, in the most piercing accents, mitigation of the doom of her miserable child. Provoked at her perseverance, he spurned her with his foot, and deigning no reply, ascended his carriage. It is not surprising that such arbitrary deeds should affect with peculiar sympathy the mother of young Radzivil. She knew the unconquerable boldness of the boy, and her nights were sleepless with dread lest he, too, should be marked as a victim for the tyrant. She communicated her fears to her husband.

"Ulrica," he replied, gravely, "the current of the boy's soul is deep beyond his years. The soaring eaglet may not be restrained by the plaintive murmur of the dove."

But Ulrica daily counseled her son. She strove to press into his soul the precepts of that religion which forbids retaliation. She selected from history the examples of those princes and statesmen whose pacific policy promoted the prosperity of their realm, and the happiness of their people. She simplified for him the most exquisite passages of those ancient philosophers, who extol the excellence of patient virtue and serene contemplation. She exerted all of woman's eloquence, and of a mother's love, to make his young soul a listener and a convert.

"Mother, when I was at Cracow with my father, I visited in the Cathedral the tombs of our ancient heroes. I found where Sobieski lies. I stood long at the tomb of Kosciusko. The light faded, and darkness began to settle upon the lofty and solemn arches while I stood there. Methought a voice came forth from these ashes and talked with me of his glory, of his sufferings, and of the Russian prisons where he so long pined. And then it seemed as if he himself stood before me, that brave old man, covered with scars, and with the tears of Poland; and ere I was aware, I said, I will love Kosciusko, and hate Russia forever."

Ulrica gazed silently upon the boy. She had never seen any thing so beautiful as that lofty and pure brow, inspired with emotions defying utterance. His full eye cast forth a flood of living lustre, and his graceful form rose higher as he ceased to speak. Not Hannibal, when, in the presence of Hamilcar, he uttered the vow of eternal hatred to Rome, could have evinced more strongly how the soul may lift up the features of childhood into a commanding and terrible beauty. The mother wondered at the strange awe that stole over her. She almost trembled to enter the sanctuary of that mind, lest she might displace imagery that Heaven had consecrated, or lay her hand unwittingly upon the very ark of God. For a moment she thought, what if this being, so mighty even in his simple elements, should be the decreed deliverer of his oppressed country!

It was but a moment that this enthusiasm prevailed. The boy saw the tears glittering in her eye, and hastened to throw himself upon her neck.

"Mother, I will no longer sing the songs of Sobieski, nor speak to my companions of Pulaski or Kosciusko, since it gives you pain. But when I see the proud Russian soldiers parading in the squares at Warsaw, and Constantine lording it over our people, can I help my heart from rising up, and the blood from feeling hot in my forehead?"

The features of the Russian dynasty continued to gather harshness and asperity. The grand-duke became daily more odious to the people he ruled. Conscious of unpopularity, and partaking of that distrust which ever haunts tyranny, he retired from the royal palace to one in the vicinity of Warsaw, where he might be under the immediate protection of his own troops. It was no satisfaction to the Radzivil family that the new abode of Constantine was in their own immediate neighborhood. Still trusting to find safety in seclusion, they devoted themselves to the nurture of their children, and to the varieties of rural existence.

Autumn was now deepening to its close. The voice of the Vistula, swollen by rains, became more audible, hoarsely chafing against its banks. Nature, at the approach of her dreariest season, disrobes of their gayety even her inanimate offspring, and pours heaviness into the hearts of the animal creation. The elk, roaming with his branching horns through the

forest, bore upon his aspect an expression of deep melancholy. The titmouse, whose pendulous nest studded the branches, forgetting its irascible temper, and disappointed in its supply of aquatic insects, gathered with drooping wing around the peasant's cottages in quest of other food. The bobac prepared a soft lining for its subterranean cell, and gathered its gregarious community for the long sequestration of winter. But where shall the human race find refuge from strife and oppression? Earth hath no recess where "man's inhumanity to man" may not penetrate.

It was near the close of one of the shortening and gloomy days that Ulrica became alarmed at the absence of her son. He had prolonged his usual walk with his little sister about his father's grounds, and she had returned without him. As this was of frequent occurrence, it would scarcely have excited observation, but for the heightened state of maternal solicitude. The bold bearing of the boy, and his denunciations of tyranny, had signalized him among his companions, and induced his parents to withdraw him from the public school. They had also deemed it prudent, since the royal residence had been placed in their vicinity, to interdict his leaving their own domain without an attendant.

Now twilight darkened, and he returned not. The earnest search of the whole household was in vain. Little Ulrica watched and listened for his footsteps till the curtains were drawn and the lamps lighted,

and then retired to her bed to weep. All the machinery that agonized affection could command was put in requisition. But the most persevering efforts could obtain no tidings, save that a child had been seen hurried toward the palace by two Russian soldiers, and apparently resisting their purpose. The whole influence of an ancient and noble family was made to bear upon the recovery of this beloved representative, only to reveal its utter inefficacy. Inquiry, reward, and menace were alike powerless. The system of the despot was a sealed book. "I will myself go to the duke," said Ulrica to her husband. "God has given him a human heart. Who can say but it may in some point be vulnerable to compassion?"

John Radzivil felt that such an appeal was hopeless. Yet, as a drowning man rejects not the straw floating on the element that destroys him, he forbore to dissuade her from the enterprise.

The next morning the suffering mother sought the palace of Constantine. She went under the protection of Count Turno, a Polish nobleman, who had for years maintained a degree of ascendency over the mind of the duke, and was sometimes able to soften the violence of his measures. By a singular combination of talent, and an accurate knowledge of the hidden springs of action, he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the tyrant, without the sacrifice of either integrity or honor. But consummate prudence was requisite to maintain a post so hazard-

ous. On the present occasion he dared venture only to introduce the suppliant, and to repeat the injunction that her words should be few. Open interference on his part would, he knew, be fatal to the cause in which both his patriotism and his early friendship for the Radzivil family deeply participated.

When Ulrica entered the chamber of audience, the grand-duke turned away, as if determined to avoid her. Then his blue eye settled for a moment on her, cold as Russian snows. Arrested by her beauty and dignified deportment, aided in their effect by the rich and becoming costume of the Polish nobility, he reluctantly, though not ungracefully, gave attention.

"Great prince, you see before you the wife of John Radzivil. She seeks your presence a wretched suppliant for her lost son. These three days and nights our search for him has been unremitting, but in vain. He was last seen in charge of two of the soldiers of your guard. Let me supplicate your clemency to give orders for his restoration."

"Madam, the commission under which I act, takes no cognizance of wandering babes. I supposed that the mothers of Poland better understood both my duties and their own."

"Sire, our lost one was but a child. He had not numbered ten winters. If he was guilty of folly or rashness, I beseech you to restore him to his parents, that they may carefully instruct him not again to offend."

The haughty lip of Constantine curled as he spoke.

"You were in truth nourishing a viper. If his venom has chanced to fall upon yourselves, look to it. Fill not my ears with your complaints. He was a rebel, and a ripe one, though so young in years."

Ulrica fell on her knees, and, raising her clasped hands, exclaimed,

"Spare the life of the child! A broken-hearted mother implores your pity for her only son. So shall the Judge and Father of us all, be merciful to you in your time of adversity."

"Take away this mad woman," said Constantine to his attendants. "Turno, is there never to be an end of these Polish maniacs?"

Ulrica rose and returned to her home. She uttered no complaint. There was a strength in her sorrow that refused the channel of words. Radzivil saw in the fixed glance of her eye that hope had departed.

"Ulrica, seek to bind me no longer at the footstool of peace. As the Lord liveth, it shall no more be peace, but a sword. There is a point beyond which endurance is sin. Poland stands upon that verge. The tyrant shall fall. Faithful and proud hearts have sworn it. I will no longer withhold myself from their covenant. My soul has lain still, and smothered its hatred for your sake. Your sighs of peace have stolen over it like the breath of flowers, weakening its purpose. My counsel of submission has been my reproach among patriots. They have

called it my watchword. Their brows grew dark when I uttered it. It was your spirit breathing through my lips. I deemed it the spirit of Heaven, and bade the wrath of the warrior that boiled in my breast bow down before it. Henceforth I cast away its chains. I wear no longer the yoke of a craven policy. I will resist unto blood—unto death. And may God so deal with me as I do valiantly for Poland."

The discontent, which had been but ill-suppressed in the bosoms of a free people, burst forth. Plans long fostered in their nightly conclaves came suddenly to maturity. On the evening of November 29th, 1830, the beacon light sprang up on the banks of the Vistula. The concerted signal had been the burning of a house, on the borders of that river, at the hour of seven. The clocks of Warsaw struck seven. How many hearts struggled with unutterable emotion at that sound!

The expected flame threw out its red banner. The shout of "To arms!" came with that flash, as thunder follows the lightning. Throngs of patriots were at their appointed posts. Officers rode through the streets inspiring the people. Students, and boys from the schools in warlike array, marched to the headquarters of the enemy. The rush was tremendous. Two thousand Russian cavalry, panic-struck, dispersed. The grand-duke threw himself from the window of his palace, and, aided by darkness and disguise, escaped. The gates of the city were in

possession of the patriots. The prisons were stormed. Multitudes of pale, emaciated victims came forth, astonished, from their dungeons, as the dead once mingled with the living, when strange darkness hung over Calvary.

At midnight, Poland paused amid the miracle of her Revolution, and, kneeling, gave thanks to Jehovah. It was a moment of sublimity, when that immense multitude, rendered visible by the red torchlight, humbled themselves to earth, and, amid the most impassioned joy, swelled the response of "Praise to God—to God the deliverer!"

The next morning brought Ulrica a note from her husband.

"Warsaw is ours! no Russian foot pollutes it. Poland breathes once more in freedom the air of her own capital. Every spot overflows with rejoicing people. Old hoary-headed men give us their blessing, and children brandish their weapons with the shrill cry of liberty. As for me, I am searching every dungeon, every fastness, every den, where it is possible for despotism to have incarcerated our brave, our beautiful one. I will return no more to my house until I restore him to your arms, or whisper in your ear those words, less appalling than our suspense, he is no more."

All day long, while acclamations rent the air, and the peasantry by thousands were flocking into the city to hail the men who had delivered their country, Ulrica sat still in the house. One deep, measureless,

inexpressible emotion absorbed all lesser sympathies. At every footstep, at the echo of every voice, her heart, like the mimosa, shrank, trembled, folded itself. The hours seemed interminable.

At length twilight approached, evening darkened. Even her chastened spirit revolted at the prospect of passing another night of unmitigated suspense. Her children slumbered. There was no sound save of their quiet breathing. She looked out upon the solemn stars, and strove to rise above them in communion with their Maker. Suddenly there was a trampling of horses in the court-yard. The power of motion deserted her. The next moment, Radzivil was in her apartment. He laid on the bed something wrapped in a cloak, and for a moment restrained her in his arms as she was rushing toward it.

"My son! my son! speak, Radzivil. Tell me that he lives!"

"He lives, Ulrica; but the life of life is fled. It were a lighter thing to have seen him in the sleep of death."

Perceiving that she would no longer be withheld, he uncovered the face. All the fortitude that she had invoked from above was needful for that moment. Emaciated, haggard, his beautiful hair shorn close to his head, his eye devoid of lustre or intelligence, and every feature apparently transmuted to portray the dull, dreaming, hideous contortions of idiocy.

Yet he still breathed; and with that consciousness hope, the comforter, came into the heart of the moth-

er. The *heart of the mother!* that only heart whose love falters not "under the cloud or through the sea," till death smites down its idol. Even then it resigns hope only to call forth a memory which, tender as love itself, gathers, like the winged chemist of the air, honeyed essence from thorn-clad and unsightly plants.

Ulrica perceived that to her embraces there was no response, to her words no answer. Food the famished boy received voraciously, and with a wolf-like appetite, yet regarded not the hand that gave it. All the accustomed avenues to the soul seemed irrevocably closed.

"By what excesses of diabolical cruelty," said the father, "could they thus have completed the wreck of one of the most noble and beautiful beings ever born of woman? None could tell me aught of his history. The keepers of his dungeon were what they ought to be—corpses. While crowds of liberated and ghastly wretches were thronging forth to the light of heaven, I descended to the vaults they had left. I explored them until I became almost hopeless. At last, in a cold, solitary cell, I discovered this ruin of humanity. Nothing but parental instinct could have guided me to that hidden recess, or convinced me that this was indeed my own son. To my caresses, to the maddened anguish with which I repeated his name, he spoke nothing. He moved not. But when I raised him in my arms he struggled and contended. Then I perceived that his ex-

haustion was not physical.- I still trusted that the disease which had changed him might be healed. But when we brought him forth to the sunbeam, gazing into his eyes, I saw that the mind had fled forever."

A deep vow of implacable vengeance closed the agonized recital.

"Radzivil, beloved, look not so wildly. I pray you, speak not thus rashly. Our son may yet recover to bless us."

On these holy promptings of love and hope the mother acted. Night and day she nursed the miserable boy. With consummate prudence she administered that nourishment which his exhausted state rendered both necessary and hazardous. She rocked him in her arms, as in his infancy, holding his head for hours on her bosom, sometimes murmuring softly and tunefully in his ear, as if she would breathe into him her own soul. Occasionally she fancied that there was a quickening of the mind, and then poured forth that inspiring music which harmonized with its native structure, and was wont to heighten the gladness of his childhood to ecstasy. The songs of Sobieski rang as exultingly through his chamber, as if they rose not from a breaking heart. It was in vain. The chords of melody might be touched no more. Still the tender eye that had scanned acutely the elements of his nature, would not believe that its deep and strong affections had become extinct. Her fair infant had formerly been his last thought at night,

his first in the morning. To lull it himself to sleep, and to elicit its gay shout of mirth at waking, were among the objects of his childish ambition. The mother laid it upon his lap, and it smiled on him; but he extended no arm to receive it: he writhed, as if to free himself from a burden. He evinced neither desire nor dislike, but that fearful inanity, that deadness to all emotion, that groveling and growing likeness to material things which are among the most appalling indications of lapsed intellect.

His little sister, whom from her birth he had loved as himself, was ever by his side. She twined her arms about his neck, but he was uneasy at their pressure. She laid her hand gently upon his head, and wept at the absence of those clustering curls that were once her admiration and pride. She gazed long and earnestly in his eyes with tears standing in her own, like big rain-drops in the violet's heart. She spoke long, in her sweetly modulated tones, of their sports, of their walks together, of the wild flowers they had found in their own secret places, and of the stories he had told her of the daring of Pulaski and Kosciusko.

"Shall we not pursue each other again, dear brother, through the garden walks? and will you launch your boat on the little stream that runs so swiftly toward the Vistula? And shall the baby clap its little hands when you brandish your mimic sword? And will we say our nightly prayers again with one voice, kneeling down by our mother?"

Every effort of the ardent child ended in disappointment: not a single glance of attention rewarded her. It was evident that the links between thought and speech were broken. Even those faint and casual glimmerings of emotion which, though causeless, had served feebly to unite him to humanity and to hope, gradually disappeared. There had been sometimes an inarticulate murmuring, like sullen discontent, or a distortion of the brow, as if from transient terror. Even these were precious to the parents who hung over his couch, as the dawn, though heavy and ominous with clouds, is hailed by those who "watch for the morning." But these sad signals faded, and nothing remained but the action of the lungs, the sluggish current in the veins, the aimless movement of the muscles, as if without volition, and the animal appetites of idiocy. The beauty, which he had once possessed in so remarkable a degree as to have been pronounced perfect, vanished with the emanations of mind; even the proportions and chiseling of the clay lost their symmetry.

At length death came, the messenger of mercy. There was a pitiful and unearthly cry from that collapsed heart when the ice entered into it; but no accent, no pressure of the hand, for affection to linger over and embalm. One ray of exceeding brightness kindled in the eye: it was the spirit passing forth in gladness from its deep eclipse. Only for a moment was that lustre seen. Then there were bitter gaspings and strugglings, as of the swimmer when he buffets

the fatal wave. So that even love besought in agony the release of what it had worshiped. And that release came.

John Radzivil returned from the obsequies of his first-born, in that state of feeling which shuns alike society and consolation. Solitude and moody silence were his choice. Grief seemed, in his case, to lay aside her features of tenderness, and to nerve and harden the soul for some gloomy, unspoken purpose. Ulrica perceived that his mind was brooding over plans of vengeance, and exerted all her influence to soothe and disinthrall it. She suffered not her own sorrow to sadden her deportment, that her devotion to his comfort might be the more exclusive. She gradually incorporated the softened tones of her voice, like the sigh of the "sweet south," with his meditations, hoping to infuse a healing principle into the current of his diseased, tumultuous thought. She pointed out the sources of happiness that still remained to them, and endeavored to excite the healthful emotions of gratitude to an Almighty Friend. She spoke fervently of the peace and independence of their country, and pressed him, by the love he bore to her and their surviving children, to withhold himself from any future scene of dissension, and yield his sorrows to the solace of domestic retirement and felicity. She dwelt eloquently on the tendencies of war to extinguish the finer sensibilities, to destroy the capacities of rational happiness, to stimulate evil passions, to uproot the precepts and spirit of the Gospel;

but she shuddered to hear him repeat, with unwonted sternness, his determined vow of revenge.

"You say that Poland is relieved from despotism; that patriotism no longer requires of me a warrior's service. You say, 'our son is dead: can we bring him back again?' Your reasoning is from the weakness of woman's nature; as if there were no stronger impulse in the breast of man than love of country or hope of selfish gain. Is it possible that you can stand upon the tomb of that beautiful, martyred being, and hear no deeper language than the perpetual whisper of peace, peace! Till his murder is fully avenged in the best blood of Russia, speak no more to me of repose. I have sworn that my sword shall never be sheathed while Constantine cumbers the earth."

Ulrica could no longer conceal from herself that the desire of revenge was consuming the energies of his existence with the eagerness of its smothered flame; and there was soon room to spend itself in the way of blood that it chose. The Emperor of Russia, indignant at the revolt of Poland and the expulsion of his brother, sent thither an army of two hundred thousand soldiers to enforce subjection. Scarcely had two months transpired since the lightning gleam of revolution ere this reverse came. Every resource was opened, every nerve in tension, to resist domination. Peasants left the labors of husbandry, and, if too poor to purchase weapons, armed themselves with the implements of agriculture. Invert-

ing the language of inspiration, they turned their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears. Boys fled from the schools, and, forming themselves into platoons and phalanxes, demanded enrollment among the soldiery. Women, forgetting their household occupations, and the privileges of their sex, pressed to share personally in the perils of war. It was on the 25th of January, 1831, that the Polish troops began to leave Warsaw, to encounter the immense force with which Russia was inundating their land. Delicate and beautiful females attended them on their route to Praga, inspiriting them by their eloquence and enthusiasm. Then there were tender partings, and high, patriotic hopes, and agonizing aspirations of piety, that submit not to the revealment of words. Ulrica saw that it was her destiny to follow the fortunes of a warrior; and, as a soul in alliance with heaven may compass things accounted impossible on earth, she determined to do it in the spirit of peace. She left her delightful abode, and, with her children and a single servant, went forth to adapt her movements to the marches of the army, that she might be a comforter to her husband in his toilsome and terrible career. But with what discord did the din of battle grate upon her ear, who considered even the accent of unkindness a dereliction of the Christian's creed. During the time of contest, she retired with her little daughter to the most remote recess, and, clasping her infant in her arms, besought Divine protection for the endangered husband and

father. When the tumult of conflict subsided, and she was convinced that no injury had befallen him, her care awoke for the wounded and dying. Forgetful of the rank and affluence in which she had been educated, and grateful if she might but mitigate one pang, she moved like a ministering spirit among every form and modification of misery.

Spring advanced in her path of beauty; but she could not win man from war, or soften him to love his brother. The pure breath of Spring is not in unison with the heart that cherishes evil passions. The innocent gladness of renovated nature is a reproof to it, and her hymn of sunbeams a mockery.

Radzivil found it impracticable to insure the comfortable accommodation of his family during the changes and chances of warfare. Sometimes their lodging was in a frail tent, at others in some dilapidated building, always liable to be broken up and transferred in a moment. After the commencement of summer, they were for a considerable period tenants of a ruined fortress, open to the winds of heaven.

One evening he was seated with them there, after a day of exposure and hardship. Leaning his head on his hand, he contemplated with intense and melancholy interest a group so dear to him. Ulrica, in a costume as humble as her station required, tenderly conversed with her daughter, clinging closely to her side, while the infant lay in a slumber so profound that every golden curl and relaxed muscle seemed spell-bound.

The lofty chieftain gazed long upon his wife. He recalled her toils, her privations, her perils, the strong contrast between the present and the past; he wondered at her gentleness, her moral courage, the fullness of her compassion for others. He saw even the beauty of her countenance scarcely changed, and fancied that her love-beaming smile, and her clear, blue, transparent eye imaged forth the repose of heaven. He remembered the inward tempests that had furrowed his own brow, the fires that had seared his soul and dried up its fountains, making him old before his time.

We dwell together, thought he, like the angel of peace, and the demon of war. The comparison is against me.

Then there passed over his mind such a saddening consciousness of the evils of strife, the unsatisfying nature of military glory, the fearful cost of victory, and the tendency of a vindictive spirit to recoil upon itself, that, for the first time, the wish that he had never been a man of blood rushed to his lips.

Suddenly, as at an earthquake, the disjointed stones of their habitation trembled and fell in masses. Poland's cry "To arms!" rose above the tumult.

"The Russian artillery!" exclaimed the warrior, as he rushed to rally his soldiers. These were to be his last words in the sanctuary where his heart had found refuge.

The conflict was protracted and dreadful. I wish not to describe it. The "thunder of the captains,

and the shouting," are not my province. Is not death sufficiently terrible when sanctioned by nature, and softened by religion? but when urged on by misguided man, and bade to do his work in violence and wrath, the sickening heart may be permitted to turn away.

At length the trampling and uproar of battle ceased. But over the field of carnage was the unceasing groan of mangled men—that horrible cadence of war. The uprooted grass, and the surface of the earth trodden into dust, were indented with curdling pools of blood.

The combatants slowly drew off in broken battalions, and eager and mournful forms were searching amid heaps of slain, each for his own dead.

Ulrica was already there, grasping a lifeless hand between her own. Bathing with floods of tears the immovable countenance of that friend whom she had loved more than life, she felt the force of that grief to which the shepherd-king gave voice in the exclamation, "Would to God I had died for thee!"

Bearing to their desolated mansion the remains of her husband, he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors with such brief honors as his country, in her hour of trial, was able to pay a chief who had periled all for her. Scarcely had Ulrica bowed herself to the first sorrows of widowhood, ere she was summoned to lay her beautiful babe by its father's side. One of those unannounced diseases incidental to infancy, which, like swift-winged and noxious birds, are ever hovering about the unopened buds of being, swept

over it, and it was gone. In the morning it flourished, and came forth as a flower; in the evening it was cut down and withered.

Let none account the mourning for a lost infant light, or soon forgotten. Sorrow for the departed is not always graduated by the value that the community may have affixed to their lives. The heart has other gold than that which men weigh in a balance. He who marks in the cemetery a mound of a span's length, and, carelessly passing on, says, "It was but a babe!" hath never been a parent.

The fortunes of Poland grew darker every day. Contest after contest was lost. The battle of Praga struck her down from her throne among the nations. Despotism returned with a twofold purpose, to do the deeds which her own nature prompted, and to punish rebellion. She was not slack in either task. Confiscation, imprisonment, banishment, death, were the instruments by which she wrought.

Among the list of exiles to the wilds of Siberia were the Radzivil family. Sole representatives of one of its branches, Ulrica and her young daughter joined that melancholy train. Yet the bereaved and afflicted woman went not forth despairing. She girded herself to bear her appointed lot. Life seemed to her as a short journey to the land of peace. Ever keeping this in view, she had a cheering word for those whose hearts sank as a stone beneath the dark waters.

There is sometimes found in woman an uncom-

plaining fortitude, which shrinks not when the pride of man, her stronger companion, gives way; a power of endurance bestowed by her Creator, to supply the deficiency of mightier energies. But here there was something more—the panoply with which Heaven condescends to invest the heart, which, sacrificing its selfishness and resigning its own will, henceforth becomes a partner in the strength of omnipotence. It obtains no exemption from trial or misfortune, no passport to command away a single thorn that obstructs its pilgrimage. Its power is in the talisman, engraven on its inmost tablet, "*Thy will be done.*"

The fatigues and sufferings of banishment fell most heavily on the young and tender. Ere they entered the gloomy pine-forests of Russia, the sorrowing exiles found their number fearfully diminished:

> "The cold snows wove their winding sheet,
> And many a turf beneath their feet
> Was made an infant's sepulchre."

Little Ulrica faltered, and indicated in every feature that her path led to a returnless bourne. Her mother saw the destination, and strove to prepare her for it. She spoke to her of that clime where blossoms never fade, where there is no war, no severing of hearts that love, of the compassion of "Jesus the Mediator," and of God the judge of all, who hath mercy on the penitent and the trustful. She told her of the unresting harps of angels, who wait, and stretch forth their wings, and call the parting soul to join

their company. She rested not night or day, and her pious labor was requited. The young summoned spirit, went forth meekly and willingly from its house of clay.

For the lonely mourner there was henceforth no joy on earth, save the echo of the seraphic hymn, which from the pure realm of peace visited her nightly.

To the children of her people who had no mothers, she drew near, and wiped their tears, and gathered them into her bosom, and taught them of Jesus. To the hoary-headed she bowed herself down as a daughter, and comforted them till they gazed upon her as an angel of light. To the broken-hearted she spoke sisterly words, urging them to walk steadfastly toward that country where is no bereavement; and, in listening to her sweet tones, they lost for a season the bitter memories of exile.

Thus she moved in that ministry of benevolence and resignation which he who perfectly attains hath accomplished the discipline of probation, and is ready for a higher grade of being, and for the "recompense of reward."

The humble and pure spirit which she hid within would have inspired contentment even amid that realm of frost, where vegetation, except in its hardier forms, is extinct, and the solid earth cleaves asunder. It would have devised deeds of kindness for the miserable boor, whose superiority to the wild beasts that surrounded him was chiefly evinced in the skill with

which he entrapped them, or divested them of their skins, for the better clothing of himself and his little barbarians.

But the wrath of a Siberian winter swept not over the widowed consort of John Radzivil. Ere it bound the earth in its terrible fetters, she had fled to a clime without tempest or cloud.

Such was the annihilation of a family, once noble, honored, and happy. Yet is its record of suffering scarcely a drop in the dark tide that saturated the soil of Poland. The dauntless self-devotion of her sons availed nothing against the despotism that overwhelmed her. Those whom she nurtured in her high places now languish in prisons and in mines: they perish in the stern, frozen heart of Siberia, or are homeless wanderers in far, foreign lands. And as among the family of nations, there has long been admiration of her high, chivalrous character, so there should be sympathy for her fall, and in the sorrows of her children.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

"Oh! fairest almoners of Heaven's sweet grace,
Shun not the haunts of hapless poverty."

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

THE Retreat, which public charity had appropriated to the homeless poor in one of the thriving villages of New England, had a rural aspect, and occupied a sheltered situation. The building was of one story, yet comprised sufficient space for the accommodation of its not numerous tenants. It was under the charge of a farmer and his wife, who owned a few acres of land contiguous to it, and were induced to assume the care of these unfortunates as a mode of income, which, though not peculiarly desirable, was, as they sagely observed, "better than no income at all."

Mrs. Tuttle was a stirring, but kind-hearted matron. She went on the principle that industry being a cardinal virtue, it was her duty to give work to all within the premises who were capable of employment. She evinced great tact in proportioning tasks to capacities, and in discovering latent ability for exertion, however rusted by indolence, or buried under imaginary disease. Those who were lame, and could not stand at the great wheel, she was sure might contrive to spin a little flax. Hands which were too rheumatic to manage the wool-cards could turn the quill-wheel, and wind spools for the loom,

where she herself busily wrought out various useful fabrics. Old Mrs. Jones, who was fond of being complimented with having seen better days, was willing to do the lady-like work of the needle; and Polly Larkin, an eratic genius, who had at times been deranged, liked to be considered as having power in the culinary sphere. Mrs. Lester, whose system was universally enfeebled by chronic diseases, gathered around her the few children of the little community, who were there maintained until old enough to go to service, and taught them the rudiments of necessary knowledge, and the simple precepts of the religion that she loved. When any were sick, she was at their bedside with her nursing offices, or repeating hymns of comfort. "She is our missionary," said they; and her smile of meekness and love confirmed their designation.

Mingled with these, were some less impressible natures. But the matron, who took care always to deserve their respect, little heeded their ill humor. Sometimes she was rewarded by gratitude, though it is seldom to be expected in such a situation from those whose reverses are aggravated by age, suffering, and the imagined contempt of the world. With true benevolence, she endeavored to interweave their wayward and broken natures with the household charities, and make them feel the comfort and interest of the family as their own; and since misfortune, and not crime, had made most of them her inmates, the task was not difficult. But regular industry, and

the spirit of piety, were the remedies on which she mainly depended. Under the influence of the first even decaying health sometimes revived, and her consistent example of the latter won confidence from those who did not aspire to imitation. In her intercourse with them, she strove to keep ever in mind the sweet precept, "God is love;" and when seated with them around the simple board, or collected for stated devotion, she remembered that every soul was precious in His sight.

The same principles regulated the conduct of her husband; but there was about him more distance and reserve of manner, easily roused to sternness when evil conduct required the exercise of authority. Thus the sway of his partner, which might otherwise have been too mild, or liable to be abused by refractory natures, was happily and judiciously fortified. Among the inmates of his dwelling were only two of his own sex; one disabled by age, and the other by casualty, from earning a subsistence by labor, yet capable of occasionally aiding him in his vegetable garden, or other light employments for the general good. On the whole, this small community was like a bee-hive; and industry has seldom evinced its power more fully than by thus neutralizing the bitter draught of poverty and scorn.

But the good farmer became suddenly the victim of a violent fever. Long he lay on the verge of the grave. He was indeed saved, but partial paralysis ensued, and it was evident that life must be languish-

ed out in decrepitude. It was therefore deemed expedient for him and his wife to accept the invitation of a married daughter, who resided in a neighboring town, to pass the remainder of their days under her filial supervision. The poor people regretted this change, and looked forward with apprehension; for the overseer of the parish, finding that the house they occupied needed many repairs, decided that it would be cheapest to place them at board wherever the best bargain could be obtained.

On the very day of the departure of good Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, a singular scene was exhibited in the largest apartment of their mansion; an auction, where not the highest, but the lowest bidder had precedence.

Ranged on one side were the officers of the parish; on the other, farmers, imbrowned by exposure, whose features seemed to sharpen with desire of gain. In the background were perceived flitting sections of haggard faces, thrust through a half-open door, or eyes wandering here and there, dilated with a painful curiosity. The business proceeded. The chief speaker addressed one of the applicants.

"For what price will you engage to take these paupers per week?"

"Seventy cents a head."

"Too much; too much, sir, altogether. We must economize in these hard times. Mr. Jotham Tuttle and his wife were good people. The only trouble was, they were too good. They allowed the poor to

cost the town, in and out, rising of fifty-nine cents and a quarter, for every head of them. Now this will never do. It is only offering encouragement for idlers to come and throw themselves on us to be maintained. Mr. Jed Tarbox, what will you take the whole lot on 'em for?"

"Thirty cents for them that's able to help a little around, and seventy cents for them that don't do nothing but eat."

"Lump them all together, Mr. Tarbox, lump them all together; we can't spend time to go into such fractional niceties."

"I suspect there is a cripple or two among them, and three or four others not much better. Them, too, that they call working folks, don't do but a precious little matter of labor. Supposing I take them on trial a month or two, and allow the town accordingly?"

"No, sir, no; we can't make no such conditions. The town must understand what it binds itself to pay. Will you take them for fifty cents in and out? you'll make a good bargain."

"Winter is a coming on," said Mr. Tarbox, "and bids fair to be a pretty tight one. Meat and grain don't grow on every bush. It costs a sight of money to maintain even my own small family."

"You will get along with the whole of them cheaper than any other man; your wife is a smart creature for business." As the negotiation seemed drawing toward a close, the faces of the sorrowing poor were

turned in extreme anxiety to the speakers. Pale, furrowed brows were seen in the dim distance peering one above the other, anon flitting, receding, and returning in scowling, breathless alarm. At length, after much close and sharp higgling, the bargain was concluded at fifty-one cents and three quarters per week.

Murmuring could no longer be suppressed. Miss Polly Larkin, a meager and fearless spinster, coming forward, accosted the town officers in a shrill tone.

"Will you please to have it put into the bargain that Mr. Tarbox shall hire a doctor for us by the year, as old Mr. Tuttle always did?"

"Oh! here, that ought to have been thought of. Here, Mr. Tarbox, will you set it down in the contract that a doctor shall be hired?"

The purchaser of the poor, disconcerted, did not readily answer. He twirled round the hat which he held in his hand, and twice dropped his riding-whip ere he spoke. "The doctor that Mr. Jotham Tuttle hired is a dreadful dear man. There is one nigh to my house that I can get, and pay him visit by visit, instead of letting it run on to the eend of the year."

"He's a steam doctor!" screamed old Mrs. Jones; "we shall all be killed with emetics and pepper pills." And far out in the distance was heard a hoarse echo of "Steam doctor! we shall all be killed!"

"I do hope," rejoined Mrs. Jones, "we shall have

a minister when we come to die, and not be buried in old chists, to save coffins."

"Mr. Tarbox will undoubtedly see that all is right," said the men in power, buttoning themselves to the throat for their homeward ride.

"Jed Tarbox is a skinflint," said Polly Larkin, in a spasmodic whisper, "and his wife is an old dragon."

The future landlord of the poor, consented to receive them immediately, and promised to send his ox-team for such as were not able to walk three miles.

Our scene now changes to a pleasant dwelling in the heart of the village.

"Maria," said the sweet-voiced Ellen Mason to her friend, with whom she was spending the evening, "when were you last at the alms-house?"

"I am ashamed to say only once since your absence on your visit. I missed your sweet company on the long walk so sadly that I had no heart to go again without you; besides, my school has been so large as to allow me less leisure than formerly."

"Can you go next Saturday afternoon?"

"Oh, yes; I have been wishing for some time to carry a cap I have made for old Mrs. Lester, and then will have ready sundry other little comforts for our pensioners."

With their work-baskets containing such articles as are ever acceptable to the poor, were it only as a proof that they are remembered by the more fortunate, the young friends commenced their walk. The keen air of closing autumn rendered brisk ex-

ercise pleasant, and they found, as they had often done before, how distance is beguiled by friendship, and friendship heightened by benevolence. The brilliance of the forest had passed away: the maple gleaned not forth in crimson, as if its wounded heart was gushing in life-blood through every leaf. Orange and umbered brown no longer clothed the lofty chestnut or the drooping elm. The gnarled oaks stretched their scorbutic arms; the frozen earth returned a grating echo to the traveler's wheel; and Nature, expecting the tyranny of Winter, bowed down to receive his fetters.

But in the heart of the young friends there was no winter, and their cheeks brightened with new bloom as they reached the house where they had so often dispensed happiness. What was their surprise to find it tenantless! like the struck tent of the Arab, all around was desolation.

A casual passer-by informed them where those whom they sought might be found; but the distance was too formidable for a pedestrian excursion, and they were compelled to defer their visit. When it was next in their power to go, every trace of vegetation had faded from the landscape, and hill and valley were heavily robed in snow. The sleigh in which they rode, furnished a convenient mode of transporting a greater variety of articles for their needy friends.

Their driver stopped opposite a tall, narrow, cold-looking house, with a thin volume of blue smoke

straggling out of a single chimney. The cheerful peal of the sleigh-bells attracted attention, and Mrs. Tarbox, a stout woman, was seen to fly about in various directions ere she met the young ladies at the door.

"I suppose you want to see old Mrs. Jones," said she. "She is a great deal worse to-day. Indeed, she is e'en a just gone, and it will do no good to see her at all."

Not heeding this unwelcome reception, they entered, remarking that they desired to see all the poor people, and were not aware of the illness of good Mrs. Jones. Considerable confusion was evident; and among those who were running hither and thither appeared a boy, with a basket of small sticks and shavings, hurried by Mrs. Tarbox, to make a fire immediately in the sick-chamber. Following him, they entered a room where most of the poor people had clustered round a bed.

"The poor creature has been a-dying the biggest part of three days," said Mrs. Tarbox. "She can't swallow at all."

"I could swallow well enough," murmured the weak, pettish voice of the sufferer, "if I had any thing fit to swallow."

This was tried and proved. She evinced joy at the sight of her young friends; but it was a fluttering and faint sensation, as if a stranger to her benumbed breast. They inquired if she had seen a physician, to which the lady of the house replied, "Her husband

had been after one, time and again, and he was now expected every minute."

"What is that?" exclaimed the aged woman, as the unwonted blaze, which the boy had suddenly kindled, went roaring up the chimney. "What is that? fire!" fixing her startled eyes, and spreading out her emaciated hands, with an unearthly scream of delight. Still opening and shutting her fingers with a convulsive movement, she uttered, in a hollow tone, "Stand away, Tom Tarbox; let me see the fire!"

Alas! it was a deeper eclipse than any intervention of flesh and blood; for while one moment she exulted in the unwonted warmth, the next she moaned, stretched out her feet, and was no more.

The following day, in that cheerless habitation, were the humble funeral obsequies. The principal room was hastily put in order, and she who, in her life, was scarcely allowed to tread on its carpeted floor, now stretched herself there in the fearless majesty of death. The cap which Maria's needle had so neatly finished, with the hope that it would gain a smile from her humble friend, was plaited around that stiffened brow, which had taken its last change from the adversities of earth.

Mrs. Tarbox had directed the poor people to be dressed in their best clothes, and even spoke kindly to them, for she knew that the two young ladies were to be there, and bring their own minister from the village to perform the last services for the dead.

When he spoke with the meekness of his Master to those unfortunate ones, they gathered near him, treasuring up every word; and while from his prayer the balm of the Gospel distilled, and they were reminded of those mansions of rest with the dear Redeemer, when repentance had done its work, and life's discipline was over, and when they saw a tear on the bright cheeks of their benefactresses, they wept audibly and long.

On returning from the church-yard, the good clergyman addressed to each of the inmates some kind inquiry or religious counsel. Cheered by his attentions, they listened earnestly, and were surprised to see the fierce eye of their hostess quail and cower before his gentle regard.

She was informed by Ellen Mason that two of the poor children were to be taken to the village in her sleigh, as she had obtained eligible places for them to reside, where their young services would be useful. Inquiry was made for the hat of the little boy. "He never had one worth speaking of," said Mrs. Tarbox.

"Yes, but I had," answered the child, gathering courage at the prospect of escape. "I had one, till your boy, Tom Tarbox, struck me with it and threw it into the fire." The little girl, who was about to depart, put her arms affectionately round old Mrs. Lester, who had tried to instruct her, and said in a whisper, as she took leave,

"I am sorry I ever called you Goody Minister."

"And I," said the boy, "should not have called

you Old Granny Bible-story, only Tom Tarbox told me to."

"My dear children," was her reply, "I shall always love you. Remember to say your prayers, and read your Bible, and to obey those who have the rule over you. How much I shall miss you! Half of my little school will now be gone. God be with you, and bless you."

Her voice grew tremulous at parting; and the little ones, though elated with the prospect of a change of abode, wept at parting with the only being who had ever labored for their improvement. Her kindness to these not very promising pupils interested the two young ladies, who, being themselves engaged in the work of education, knew how true and sweet is the affection which springs up between a teacher and those committed to her charge.

The meek image of that pious, uncomplaining woman dwelt with them, and they were grieved to see how pale and thin she had grown since her change of habitation. On investigating her history, they discovered that her origin and education were respectable, and that her constitution had been broken by devotion to two sickly children, who died young, and to the long helplessness of an intemperate husband, who had left her in deep poverty. All that they heard of her blameless life, of her spirit resigned, and even thankful under privation, served to heighten their sympathy, and their desire to obtain for her a more fitting refuge. After consulting their older friends,

they devised a plan for her removal. Having become jointly interested in a school for young ladies, they felt that the income from their employment would authorize them in assuming this work of benevolence. They therefore decided to place her as a boarder with a widow lady and her daughter, who occupied a small, neat cottage in the neighborhood.

The gratitude of poor Mrs. Lester at this unexpected change was unbounded; yet she could by no means consent to be idle. Kind treatment and unwonted comfort had a favorable effect on her health, and she begged to be permitted to take charge of a few pupils, to assist in defraying the expense of her situation. She was found entirely competent to impart the rudiments of knowledge, and also to impress those habits of industry, good order, and kind affection which enrich the unfolding elements of character with a better wealth than the proud precocity of intellect.

One fine afternoon in spring, Ellen and Maria called at the cottage. It was a sweet, though humble abode. A few beds of thyme and other aromatic herbs were near the door, and among them the nestling bees wrought, busy and musical. Near the window grew an aged tree, clasped by a vine, whose peeping flowerets gave out a fresh odor. It seemed an emblem of the ancient teacher, surrounded by her happy pupils. Their young, bright eyes were reverently fixed on her, as, seated in her arm-chair, with a large Bible before her, she read to them a few sentences, prepar-

atory to their parting for the day. Her knitting-bag hung beside her, their work-baskets and books were laid neatly in their respective places, every little being was quiet and attentive, for scrupulous order and discipline were features of her system; and whoever acquires these in childhood hath a goodly heritage for riper days. Her simple garb was thoroughly neat and appropriate, and her intonation tender, as she uttered the inspired words, "Little children, love one another." At the sight of her young benefactresses the light of grateful joy beamed from her placid features, as she exclaimed, "What am I, or what was my father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?"

Every interview heightened their good opinion of this venerable woman, and their satisfaction at having been able to rescue her from neglect, and render her declining days comfortable. Such deeds of benevolence give a charm to youth beyond the fascinations of beauty; and a heartfelt delight, that vanity, amid its proudest triumphs, never attains.

The sufferings of the homeless poor are but little understood by those whose hearth-stones are always bright with domestic comfort. Especially the custom which has prevailed in some of our villages, of placing them where they can be maintained at the least expense, or farming them out to the lowest bidder, adds unmingled bitterness to their cup of misery. Self-interest, too often leagued with inhumanity, deprives them of those comforts which infirmity and age re-

quire; while the feeling of being always unwelcome, and the open consciousness that their scanty support is deemed a burden, help to dry up the springs of existence. Too much scope is thus allowed to tyranny and cold calculation; and to the sick, the no very delicate "measuring how long they have to live," adds to the force of depression and disease.

Even in our best-conducted alms-houses, there must be many privations and trials to those whose earlier days were marked by better fortunes, and more cheering hopes. Among the keenest, is the absence of human sympathy. The gentler sex, with whom is the wealth of sympathy, and the most frequent opportunities to exercise it, should not be forgetful of these forgotten ones. A visit, and a few kind words, are cordials of power, spots of greenness amid the "dark mountains, where their feet stumble" onward to the grave. Let the young and fortunate, amid their walks of benevolence, not overlook the inmates of our alms-houses, remembering that the consolation which they there impart, is in conformity to His blessed example who despised not the lowest, when He came to save the lost.

THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD.

"Though blinded warriors seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms,
Mine be the pleasures of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife."

LIVINGSTON.

THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD.

In one of the quiet villages that beautify the valley of the Connecticut, sleeping like nests among the green drapery, was a pleasant and somewhat antique farm-house. It stood retired from the public road, overshadowed by a lofty elm, with broad, drooping branches. A silver brooklet came bubbling from the hillock in its background; then flowing into a nook amid the roots of some old trees, and growing deeper and more subdued, was content to refresh the steed of the passing traveler, or the herds who drank and ruminated in its waters, as though it were to them a Helicon.

The smaller tenements and appendages of the farm-house evinced neatness and good husbandry. A dense hop-vine clustered over its long piazza, and a row of bee-hives sent forth their busy people among the thyme and balm-beds. The sound of the matron's wheel, mingling with her song, was heard from the open casement in summer, while the rich products of the churn and cheese-press attested her skill in the dairy.

In the labors of the farmer, his two young sons were constant and active participants. They assist-

ed to draw the furrow in early spring, and to scatter the seeds from whence their bread was to grow. In summer they followed the scythe with their lighter implements, preparing the fragrant food for their domestic animals. In autumn they aided to gather into the garner the varied bounty that God, through their mother-earth, sent, as a reward for faithful toil. In winter they sought with equal diligence, at the district school, those mental stores which were to enrich the whole of life.

One cold evening, they were seated with their books beside a bright fire fed by the trees of their own forest, while their lamp cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered landscape. The younger, a boy of thirteen, threw aside his lessons, and said,

"I intend to be a soldier. I have read of Alexander the Great, and of Bonaparte. There is nothing in this world so glorious as the fame of the warrior."

His brother raised a thoughtful brow, and regarded him with a steady glance for a few moments, ere he replied,

"To destroy life, and bring mourning into families, and misery into the world, seems to me cruel, instead of glorious."

"Oh! but the rich dress, and the fine music, and the glittering arms, think of them! And then, the honor and the praise! To have hosts of soldiers under your command, and all the people talking of your courage, and distant nations applauding your

victories: how can you be blind to such greatness as that?"

"Did not our minister say last Sunday from the pulpit, that the 'end of life was the test of its greatness?' Now Alexander of Macedon, whom you call the Great, fell in a fit of drunkenness, and Bonaparte died on a desolate island, like a chained wild beast."

"I am sorry to see you are so easily prejudiced. Indeed, I must say that you have a very narrow mind. I doubt whether you are capable of admiring heroes. You had better, by all means, be a farmer. Your highest ambition, I suppose, is to break a pair of steers, or ride a dull cart-horse to market."

The voice of the father was heard from an adjoining apartment,

"Boys, go to bed."

Thus ended, for that night, their conversation on martial glory, the only subject on which they strongly disagreed.

A few lustrums swiftly and silently pass by. How quiet is the lapse of time in an agricultural village. Masses of men are not there to level the hillocks, or rear the red brick where the forest waved, or toss the slumbering waters into the caldron of the steam-spirit, or give the green lanes to the tramp of its iron horse. Seed-time and harvest alternate; the beautiful seasons complete their annual round. The child comes forth from the arms of his mother and guides the plough; a little more silver is sprinkled on the heads that have passed their prime; the old man

leans more heavily upon his staff; a few more green mounds are visible in the church-yard.

The features of the rural scenery which we have already described, were but slightly changed. The elm had thrown its groined branches somewhat higher, and marked out a broader circumference of shade. The brook still told an unfinished tale to listening summer, and in winter incrusted with frost-work and diamonds its root-wreathed basin. On the roof of the farm-house more moss had gathered, and its rough fence of brown bars, was replaced by a white paling.

Within, was the same cheerful fire that blazed when we last visited it. By its hearth-stone stood the same arm-chairs, but its former occupants had become tenants of that lowly bed which no rising sun awakens. In their place sat the eldest son, and by his side a woman of mature age and pleasing countenance, on whose knee was a fair infant. On a pallet, in a shaded nook of the apartment, two little ones quietly breathed in the sleep of innocence, and at a small table two boys with thoughtful brows pondered their lessons. A wintry storm was raging, and as the blast shook the casements, the farmer said to his wife,

"In such cold, bad nights, I can not help thinking of my poor brother. But so many years have passed since we heard aught of him, and his way of life was so full of danger, that it is most probable he no longer needs our sympathy."

"Husband, just as you began to speak I thought I heard some one knock; or was it the winds striking the old elm-tree?"

On opening the door, a motionless form was found extended near the threshold. A staff was still feebly grasped in his hand, and a crutch, that supplied the place of a lost limb, had fallen at his side. With difficulty he was borne in, and pillowed in a large chair near the fire. After the application of restoratives, he opened his eyes, and seemed to gaze on every surrounding object—clock, and oaken table, and large, old Bible—as on some recollected friend. Then there was a faint sound of "Brother!"

That tone touched the tender memories of earliest years. Their welcome to the poor wanderer with the broken frame, and tattered garment was heart-felt. Yet their tears freshly flowed at his pathetic tones,

"See, I have come home to die!"

They hastened to spread the refreshing repast, and to press him to partake. Afterward they induced him to retire to rest, without taxing his exhausted strength by conversation. The next morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his couch, solacing his worn spirit with kindness, and with narratives of the changes that had befallen them and other friends in the peaceful spot of his birth. At intervals he mingled his own sad recital.

"I have had many troubles. But that which hath most bowed me down inwardly was my disobedience

in leaving home, against the wishes, and without the knowledge of my parents, to be a soldier. I have felt the pain of wounds, but the sting of conscience is keener. Hunger and thirst have I known, and the prisons of a foreign land. When I lay sick and neglected, it would sometimes seem, in the fever-dream, that my mother bent kindly over me, as she would if I had only the headache; or that my father came with the great Bible in his hand, to read, as he used to do, before our prayers morning and evening. Then I cried out, in my agony, 'I am no more worthy to be called thy son.'"

He paused, overcome with emotion, and his brother hastened to assure him of their perfect forgiveness, and of the fervor with which he was brought ever before their family altar as the son erring, yet beloved.

"Ah, those prayers! They followed me like angel wings. But for them, I might have been a reprobate both to God and man."

By little and little, as his feebleness admitted, he told the story of his wanderings. He had been in warfare both by sea and land. He had heard the deep ocean resound to battle thunders, and seen earth saturated with the red shower from the bosom of her sons. He had served in the armies of Europe, and pursued the hunted Indian in his own native clime. He had plunged recklessly amid the thickest dangers, seeking every where the glory that dazzled his boyhood, but in vain. He found the soldier's lot

was hardship, privation, and death, that others might reap the fame. He saw what wounds and mutilations, what anguish, mourning, and death were implicated in a single victory. He felt how far the renown of the greatest conqueror falls short of the good that he forfeits; how it fades away before the misery that he inflicts.

"For a few moments," he said, "on the verge of battle, I felt a shuddering, inexpressible horror at the thought of destroying my fellow-creatures; but in the heat of conflict all human sympathies vanished. Desperate madness took possession of me, and I cared neither for this world nor the next. I have been left helpless on the field beneath trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chill night air, while no man cared for my soul. Yet why should I pain you by such descriptions? You have ever dwelt within the sweet influences of mercy, and shrank to distress even a soulless animal! You can not realize the hardness of heart that comes with such a life as I have led. The soldier is enforced to be familiar with suffering and violence. His moral and religious sensibilities are in continual peril. Profanity and contempt of sacred things mingle with the elements of his trade. The softening, hallowing privileges of the Sabbath are not for him. The precepts of the Gospel that were instilled into his childhood are in danger of being swept away. Still my heart ceased not to reproach me in seasons of reflection, though I would fain have silenced and made it

callous. Oh! that it might be purified by penitence, ere I am called to answer for deeds of blood, and for a lost life."

His sympathizing brother and sister still cherished the hope, that by medical skill and careful nursing, his health might be restored. They placed much reliance on the bland influences of his native air, and on the salutary trains of feeling which the kindness of early friends awakened.

Yet his constant assertion was, "My vital energies are wasted. They can be rekindled no more. Death standeth at my right hand. When I came to the borders of this valley, my poor, swollen limb tottered, and my whole frame began to fail. Then I besought Him whom I had so often forgotten, 'Oh! give me heart and hope, and hold me up but a little while, that I may die in the house where I was born, and be buried at the feet of my father and my mother.'"

The suffering and humbled man sought earnestly for the hope of salvation. Feeling that a great change was necessary ere he could be fitted for a realm of purity and peace, he studied the Scriptures with prayer, and listened to the counsels of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother, you have followed the example of our parents. In the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, your life has flowed on like an unruffled stream. I chose to toss among whirlpools, and made shipwreck of all. You have kept the law of love

even with inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece, but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the laboring bee; but I have destroyed both the hive and the honey, the fleece and the flock, man and his habitation. I have cruelly defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath which I can never restore. Bitter is the warfare of my soul with the prince of the power of the air, who ruleth the children of disobedience."

As the last hour approached, he laid his cold hands on the head of his brother's two little sons, saying, with solemn emphasis,

"Choose the plough, and not the sword!"

Tender gratitude lighted up the glazing eye as he faintly uttered,

"Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. Peace be in your hearts, and upon your household."

The venerable pastor, who had been the teacher of his childhood, and the comforter of his sickness, stood by his side as he went down into the dark valley of the shadow of death.

"My son, look unto the Lamb of God."

"Yes, father. He taketh away the sin of the world."

The white-haired man lifted up a fervent supplication for the departing soul.

When he ceased, the eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more heaving of the breast

or gasping. And they spoke of him as having gone where no sin or sorrow can have place.

Yet again the eyelids trembled, and one long, struggling sigh burst from the marble lips. Bending down, the mournful brother caught the last sounds faint, yet tuneful, "Land of peace!" and "Savior of sinners!"

THE REVERSE.

"To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Most surely this is Wisdom's part:
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance pleases Heaven."

COTTON.

THE REVERSE.

"Have you heard the news, that Mr. Thomas Talmage has failed?" said Miss Cutts, entering a neighbor's house with a shawl hastily thrown over her head.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, yes. Every thing is gone. They are just as poor as any body now."

"I always said it would be so. Now he will be for taking the benefit of the Bankrupt Act, and living just as grand as ever, and his poor creditors may go whistle for their pay. No matter about them."

"But they say he has sold his horse, and given up all the goods in his great store, and boasts that he'll pay every cent that he owes, and this afternoon he is going to sell all his wife's furniture at auction."

"Why, she must be real angry, I declare. Was he necessitated to do it, do you suppose?"

"I can't exactly say as to that. Likely he'd be glad of a little money to put in his pocket after his debts are paid, and so he sells his wife's things to get it."

"That's it, I've no doubt. But come, let's go to this auction. Money, to be sure, is pretty scarce

these hard times; but I guess I'll raise a little, for I do so want to see the inside of that smart house."

"Well, I'll call for you just at two o'clock. Be sure to be ready, for there'll be a crowd, I expect. I can't say but I should like to see how these grandees look, when they come down to be as poor as other folks."

With these benevolent intentions, the two ladies proceeded, at the first ringing of the small auction bell, to the dwelling in question. Quite a throng soon collected there; some desirous to inspect a mansion to which they had never before been able to gain admittance, others resolved to purchase, provided they could get articles far below their real worth. In various recesses and corners of the ample house there was much gossiping.

"Now, do tell if that *is* Miss Tom Tammage? Why, her gingham gown is not a bit better than mine, and her hair is just as plain as a pike-staff."

"I railly supposed nothing but the silks and the satins would answer her purpose. Well, she has had her day. I always knew that top-knots must come down."

"I wonder how she'll relish trudging in the mud like my darters. They are full as good as she, I recken, though they have not been brought up to have a gay horse, and gig, and driver too, at their beck."

In the mean time, the fair young creature, who was the subject of this discussion, with her calm

brow, and more graceful in her plain, neat dress, than in the costliest array, was ready to render her aid, or reply to any interrogation that might facilitate the sale of their effects. Possibly she was not prepared for all the rude remarks of selfish dealers, or to see so minutely illustrated the graphic description of the King of Israel: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth."

"I take it that bed is under the usual weight, Mr. Auctioneer!"

"Fifty-two pounds."

"And the bolster and pillows?"

"Nine and a half."

"I guess they are nothing but old feathers put into new ticks," said a waddling old lady, who was, however, eager in bidding thirty-five cents a pound, thirty-five and a quarter, thirty-five and a half, and so on, until she conquered, at thirty-nine and three qua[illegible], her competitors, and at a convenient time extolled the excellence of the article she had so studiously decried.

"The state of them Brussels carpets is a shame," said a busy personage, whose daughter, contemplating matrimony, was eyeing them with irrepressible desire. "Miss Tom Talmage never had a chick or child to wear out any thing, and I'm sure they're desp'ate defaced. Look! look!" (bending double and peering through her spectacles) "is not that an ile-spot? And them 'ere marble-topped tables are

considerable out o' fashion;" hastening, however, to purchase them, and superintending their removal with an inward chuckle of delight.

A similar struggle went on among persons of lighter purses, concerning the kitchen utensils. "You can't in conscience ask much for that lot of worn-out tins, Mr. Auctioneer. They are scoured up pretty bright for the occasion, but they are e'en-a-just ruined, for all that. The major part of them arn't worth carrying home, I declare."

The shrewd housekeeper who secured them was heard to say to her husband that evening, that she had made a grand bargain, and got them at about a quarter of their true value; and, while she extolled her own sharpness, added, "She'd be bound the people who sold them, would not get as many more good things to eat, as had already been cooked in them."

The auction was nearly finished, and most of the purchasers had withdrawn, when a coarse-featured woman, with a patronizing air, said, in a half-whisper, "Miss Tammage, you ha'n't got a new go[illegible] or two, have you, that you'd sell cheap?"

Mr. Talmage colored, and drawing the hand of his wife within his arm, would have led her away; but with a sweet, confiding glance, and a few whispered words, she assured him, and he gazed at her with a tender respect, as on a superior being. Her clear, good sense convinced her, that her wardrobe comprised some articles which, in the changed state of their fortunes, would be both useless and inappro-

priate, and with perfect good temper she produced them. The lady minutely examined their fabric and fashion, professed both to be in fault, and vastly inferior to what she expected, yet, after cheapening them to the lowest point, possessed herself of them, and exhibited them afterward to her friends who called as some of the "trappings which the proud Miss Tom Tammage, the broken marchant's wife, was glad enough to sell."

When night came, the house of Mr. Talmage was stripped both of its ornaments and comforts. It was empty, but not deserted, for in it were hearts sustained by the consciousness of rectitude, and firmly resolved in duty; hearts united in love, submissive to the Divine will, and strong to strengthen each other. The former master and mistress of this once elegant mansion, sat together upon a coarse joint-stool, near a few coals in the kitchen grate. A candle, placed in the neck of a bottle—for every lamp and candlestick had been sold—and a little ink in the bottom of a broken tea-cup, aided them in the arithmetical calculations which they were busily making.

"Husband, am I right?" said a clear, animated voice; "am I right? My little account-book here gives a result that we are able to pay all our debts."

"Yes, dearest, all, every one in full; and this auction leaves us a little surplus."

"God be thanked! What heartfelt happiness!"

"But, Mary, how different must our mode of life be from what you have been accustomed to, and the

prospects that you had a right to encourage at the time of our marriage. I could not bear to see that costly and tasteful furniture, which I can never replace, taken away from you. Those beautiful sofas, on which you used to love to rest after a long walk, cost me many a pang."

"See if we will not be just as happy without them. Indeed, if God pleases, we will be a great deal happier than ever we have been. A life of fashion is not agreeable to either of us. To tell the truth, I have long suffered anxiety, not that I thought we were inclined to extravagance, but our situation forced us to many useless expenses, and the pressure of the times on mercantile effort made me so fear that some misfortune would come, and leave us unable fully to pay our debts. Now no human being will suffer by us."

"Yet we have but a mere pittance left."

"Never mind; it is our own. Poverty is better than unjust gain. I would not like to tread upon nice carpets, and feel that those whom we owed were reproaching us. How sweetly shall we rest to-night, every claim discharged, and the injunction obeyed to 'owe no man any thing, except to love one another.'"

"I bless God for your fortitude, for your cheering smiles. They put new life into me."

These expressions of commendation and love, so dear to the heart of a wife, were interrupted by a faint knock at the door. A poor boy was found standing

on the threshold, who had occasionally been employed in the lower services about the store or the house. He was in tears, and with faltering words expressed his desire to live with them. He said he had no parents, no friends able to take care of him, and that the voice of the kind lady, who had sometimes spoken to him when he brought a parcel, reminded him of that of his dead mother.

"We are poor ourselves now, my boy," said Mr. Talmage. "We can do nothing for you. We are to move away in a few days."

"Please to let me go with you; *please do!*"

The lady looked imploringly at her husband.

"What, my Mary?"

"Let us take him, and trust that He who feedeth the sparrows will not fail to provide for the orphan."

The husband assented, more because his wife desired it, than from any conviction of expediency. Poor Richard thankfully received a portion of the baker's loaf which had been left from their evening's repast, and slept soundly on the temporary bed the kind lady spread for him.

The next week the family became residents of a distant, agricultural village. They rented a few acres of land, and a small tenement, furnished only with what was necessary for comfort. Yet the perfect neatness that reigned there was beautiful; and when the occupations of the day were past, and by the bright lamp, Mr. Talmage read aloud from some one of the books which they retained as chosen com-

panions, his wife seated by his side with her needle or knitting-work; the beaming smile, the animated remark, the occasional song, involuntarily bursting forth, showed how serene and sincere was their enjoyment. A summer or two spent in the country during his youth had given him a taste for rural employment; and now freedom from the harassing cares of business, with a life of simplicity and active exercise, imparted a degree of health which he had never before enjoyed. His wife also found her elasticity of spirits proportionally heightened, while the charge of her household, her earnestness to learn the policy, and promote the welfare of the poultry and bees—whom she styled her own immediate subjects—and her interest in all that her husband undertook, particularly in the pursuits of horticulture, occupied her both usefully and pleasantly. Richard proved himself an invaluable assistant, having considerable knowledge of practical agriculture, acquired by passing his early childhood on a farm, while his gratitude to his benefactors prompted the most untiring efforts.

The state of society, as is often the case in our agricultural villages, was marked by intelligence, morality, and a disposition for friendly intercourse. The new-comers were greeted with kindness, and ready to reciprocate it, and to take part in those social duties which give due exercise to the tender Christian sympathies. Their moderated desires embraced, at first, only the prospect of a living, free from debt, with the satisfaction of being able to aid

those who might need their charity. More than this came, almost without their seeking. As from principle they wasted nothing, their small gains annually accumulated, until they became owners of the spot where they were originally tenants, and which had constantly been improving under their occupancy. Thus years fled away, until faithful Richard, desiring, with their entire approbation, to marry a deserving young woman, it was decided to intrust to their tenantry the place hitherto occupied, and erect a new habitation on some land recently purchased.

Soon a tasteful cottage reared its white front on a neighboring knoll, with a lofty walnut-grove for a background. An acacia-hedge, intermingled at regular intervals with the graceful sumach, bordered its sloping lawn; and the fruit-trees, which had been prospectively planted, were in full prosperity. Flowering shrubs and vines imbowered the lovely mansion, clustering roses adorned the winding gravel-walk, and a noble, drooping elm, in patriarchal majesty, spread its broad arms over the rustic gate. The traveler often paused to admire the symmetry and simple elegance of the building, and the quiet repose of the shades that imbosomed it.

There, still in those habits of rural industry which promote and preserve health, but in the enjoyment of all the leisure they could desire, and which they so well knew how to render improving both to themselves and others, their time passed in felicity and in love. The lady of the cottage, as years flowed on,

delighted more and more in the society of the young of her own sex, because she felt that it was in her power to do them good. The inhabitants of the village, knowing that she had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, were anxious that such of their daughters as had attained sufficient age to appreciate its value, should profit by intercourse with her. Yielding to their solicitations, she consented to give them regular instruction in the studies and accomplishments that were to her familiar. Four afternoons in the week, she saw her parlor pleasantly filled with the bright faces of the young whom she loved, and by whom she was beloved in return. While imparting to their docile minds the healthful aliment of knowledge, she was sometimes led silently to contrast the pure, unostentatious pleasure which she thus enjoyed, with that period of wasting excitement when the splendor of her dress, or the elegance of her entertainments, won the adulation of a heartless throng, she herself wearied and ill content with a profitless existence. Striving to prepare her pupils for the faithful and graceful discharge of every feminine duty, she earnestly impressed those precepts of morality and piety, whose sustaining influences she had from her youth experienced. Some of her favorite lessons were, that there may be happiness, respectability, and influence, without wealth; that the pursuit of it, as the main object of life, is mistaken and dangerous; that all expenditure beyond income is injustice; and that to live in luxury upon

the property of others, withheld from them against their will, and to their inconvenience or suffering, is a sin against conscience, of which no consistent Christian could be guilty. "Pay your debts, my dear young friends," she would say, "and when you have husbands, do not lead them into extravagance, but be their helpers."

The good she accomplished, and the affection she acquired by her judicious labors as a teacher, could not be bounded by this fleeting existence. And as the husband and wife, arm in arm, walked, at the close of day, around the grounds, which every year became more beautiful, they said to each other, "How much higher enjoyment have we here found than great riches, with their cares and dangers, could have afforded; and how superior is the quiet rest of an approving heart to the pursuit of those shadows which the gay world calls happiness."

THE LOST CHILDREN.

"I ask the moon, so sadly fair,
The night's cold breath through shadows drawn,
'Where are they who were mine? and where?'
A void but answers, 'All are gone.'"

Miss H. F. Gould.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

THERE was sickness in the dwelling of the emigrant. Stretched upon his humble bed, he depended on that nursing care which a wife, scarcely less enfeebled than himself, was able to bestow. A child, in its third summer, had been recently laid to its last rest beneath a turf mound under their window. Its image was in the heart of the mother, as she tenderly ministered to her husband.

"Wife, I am afraid I think too much about poor little Thomas. He was so well and rosy when we left our old home scarcely a year since. Sometimes I feel, if we had but continued there, our darling would not have died."

The tear which had long trembled, and been repressed by the varieties of conjugal solicitude, burst forth at these words. It freely overflowed the brimming eyes, and relieved the suffocating emotions which had striven for the mastery.

"Do not reproach yourself, dear husband. His time had come. He is happier there than here. Let us be thankful for those that are spared."

"It seems to me that the little girls are growing pale. I am afraid you confine them too closely to this narrow house, and to the sight of sickness. The

weather is growing settled. You had better send them out to change the air, and run about at their will. Mary, lay the baby on the bed by me, and ask mother to let little sister and you go out for a ramble."

The mother assented, and the children, who were four and six years old, departed full of delight. A clearing had been made in front of their habitation, and, by ascending a knoll in its vicinity, another dwelling might be seen, environed with the dark spruce and hemlock. In the rear of these houses was a wide expanse of ground, interspersed with thickets, rocky acclivities, and patches of forest trees, while far away one or two lakelets peered up, with their blue eyes deeply fringed. The spirits of the children, as they entered this uninclosed region, were like those of the birds that surrounded them. They playfully pursued each other with merry laughter, and such a joyous sense of liberty as makes the blood course lightsomely through the veins.

"Little Jane, let us go farther than ever we have before. We will see what lies beyond those high hills, for it is but just past noon, and we can get back long before supper-time."

"Oh! yes, let us follow that bright bluebird, and see what he is flying after. But don't go in among those briers that tear the clothes so, for mother has no time to mend them."

"Sister, sweet sister, here are some snow-drops in this green hollow, exactly like those in my old, dear

garden so far away. How pure they are, and cool, just like the baby's face, when the wind blows on it! Father and mother will like us to bring them some."

Filling their little aprons with the spoil, and still searching for something new or beautiful, they prolonged their ramble, unconscious of the flight of time, or the extent of space they were traversing. At length, admonished by the chilliness, which often marks the declining hours of the early days of Spring, they turned their course homeward. But the returning clew was lost, and they walked rapidly, only to plunge more inextricably in the mazes of the wilderness.

"Sister Mary, are these pretty snow-drops good to eat? I am *so* hungry, and my feet ache, and will not go."

"Let me lift you over this brook, little Jane, and hold tighter by my hand, and walk as brave as you can, that we may get home, and help mother set the table."

"We won't go so far the next time, will we? What is the reason that I can not see any better?"

"Is not that the roof of our house, dear Jane, and the thin smoke curling up among the trees? Many times before have I thought so, and found it only a rock or a mist."

As evening drew its veil, the hapless wanderers, bewildered, hurried to and fro, calling for their parents, or shouting for help, until their strength was exhausted. Torn by brambles, and their poor feet

bleeding from the rocks which strewed their path, then sunk down, moaning bitterly. The fears that overpower the heart of a timid child who for the first time finds night approaching, without shelter or protection, wrought on the youngest to insupportable anguish. The elder, filled with the sacred warmth of sisterly affection, after the first paroxysms of grief, seemed to forget herself, and sitting upon the damp ground, and folding the little one in her arms, rocked her with a gentle movement, soothing and hushing her like a nursling.

"Don't cry! oh! don't cry so, dearest; say your prayers, and fear will fly away."

"How can I kneel down here in the dark woods, or say my prayers, when mother is not by to hear me? I think I see a large wolf, with sharp ears, and a mouth wide open, and hear noises as of many fierce lions growling."

"Dear little Jane, do say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' Be a good girl, and, when we have rested here a while, perhaps He may be pleased to send some one to find us, and to fetch us home."

Harrowing was the anxiety in the lowly hut of the emigrant when day drew toward its close, and the children came not. A boy, their sole assistant in the toils of agriculture, at his return from labor, was sent in search of them, but in vain. As evening drew on, the inmates of the neighboring house, and those of a small hamlet at considerable distance, were alarmed, and associated in the pursuit. The agony of the

invalid parents through that night was uncontrollable; starting at every footstep, shaping out of every breeze the accents of the lost ones returning, or their cries of misery. While the morning was yet gray, the father, no longer to be restrained, and armed with supernatural strength, went forth, amid the ravings of his fever, to take part in the pursuit. With fiery cheeks, his throbbing head bound with a handkerchief, he was seen in the most dangerous and inaccessible spots—caverns—ravines—beetling cliffs—leading the way to every point of peril, in the phrensy of grief and disease.

The second night drew on, with one of those sudden storms of sleet and snow, which sometimes chill the hopes of the young Spring. Then was a sadder sight—a woman with attenuated form, flying she knew not whither, and continually exclaiming, "My children! my children!" It was fearful to see a creature so deadly pale, with the darkness of midnight about her. She heeded no advice to take care of herself, nor persuasion to return to her home.

"They call me! Let me go! I will lay them in their bed myself. How cold their feet are! What! is Jane singing her nightly hymn without me? No! no! She cries! Some evil serpent has stung her;" and, shrieking wildly, the poor mother disappeared, like a hunted deer, in the depths of the forest.

Oh! might she but have wrapped them in her arms, as they shivered in their dismal recess, under the roots of a tree uptorn by some wintery tempest! Yet

how could she imagine the spot where they lay, or believe that those little wearied limbs had borne them, through bog and bramble, more than six miles from the parental door? In the niche which we have mentioned, a faint moaning sound might still be heard.

"Sister, do not tell me that we shall never see the baby any more. I see it now, and Thomas too! dear Thomas! Why do they say he died and was buried? He is close by me, just above my head. There are many more babies with him—a host. They glide by me as if they had wings. They look warm and happy. I should be glad to be with them, and join their beautiful plays. But O, how cold I am! Cover me close, Mary. Take my head into your bosom."

"Pray do not go to sleep quite yet, dear Jane. I want to hear your voice, and talk with you. It is so very sad to be waking here alone. If I could but see your face when you are asleep, it would be a comfort. But it is so dark, *so dark!*"

Rousing herself with difficulty, she unties her apron, and spreads it over the head of the child, to protect it from the driving snow; she pillows the cold cheek on her breast, and grasps more firmly the benumbed hand by which she had so faithfully led her, through all their terrible pilgrimage. There they are! One moves not. The other keeps vigil, feebly giving utterance, at intervals, to a low, suffocating spasm from a throat dried with hunger.

Once more she leans upon her elbow, to look on the face of the little one, for whom as a mother she has cared. With love strong as death, she comforts herself that her sister slumbers calmly, because the stroke of the destroyer has silenced her sobbings.

Ah! why came ye not hither, torches that gleam through the wilderness, and men who shout to each other? why came ye not this way? See! they plunge into morasses, they cut their path through tangled thickets, they ford waters, they ascend mountains, they explore forests—but the lost are not found!

The third and fourth nights come and depart. Still the woods are filled with eager searchers. Sympathy has gathered them from remote settlements. Every log-cabin sends forth what it can spare for this work of pity and of sorrow. They cross each other's track. Incessantly they interrogate and reply, but in vain. The lost are not found!

In her mournful dwelling, the mother sat motionless. Her infant was upon her lap. The strong duty to succor its helplessness, grappled with the might of grief and prevailed. Her eyes were riveted upon its brow. No sound passed her white lips. Pitying women, from distant habitations, gathered around and wept for her. They even essayed some words of consolation. But she answered nothing. She looked not toward them. She had no ear for human voices. In her soul was the perpetual cry of the lost. Nothing overpowered it, but the wail of her living babe. She ministered to its necessities, and that

Heaven-inspired impulse saved her. She had no longer any hope for those who had wandered away. Horrid images were in her fancy—the ravening beast—black pits of stagnant water—birds of fierce beak—venomous, coiling snakes. She bowed herself down to them, and travailed as in the birth-hour, fearfully and in silence. But the helpless babe on her bosom touched an electric chord, and saved her from despair. Maternal love, with its pillar of cloud and of flame, guided her through the desert, that she perished not.

Sunday came, and the search was unabated. It seemed only marked by a deeper tinge of melancholy. The most serious felt it fitting to go forth at that sacred season to seek the lost, though not, like their Master, girded with the power to save. Parents remembered that it might have been their own little ones who had thus strayed from the fold, and with their gratitude took a portion of the mourner's spirit into their hearts. Even the sad hope of gathering the dead for the sepulchre, the sole hope that now sustained their toil, began to fade into doubt. As they climbed over huge trees, which the winds of winter had prostrated, or forced their way among rending brambles, sharp rocks, and close-woven branches, they marveled how such fragile forms could have endured hardships by which the vigor of manhood was impeded and perplexed.

The echo of a gun rang suddenly through the forest. It was repeated. Hill to hill bore the thrilling

message. It was the concerted signal that their anxieties were ended. The hurrying seekers followed its sound. From a commanding cliff a white flag was seen to float. It was the herald that the lost were found.

There they were—near the base of a wooded hillock, half cradled among the roots of an uptorn chestnut. There they lay, cheek to cheek, hand clasped in hand. The blasts had mingled in one mesh their disheveled locks, for they had left home with their poor heads uncovered. The youngest had passed away in sleep. There was no contortion on her brow, though her features were sunk and sharpened by famine.

The elder had borne a deeper and longer anguish. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till death came; watched over that little one, for whom, through those days and nights of terror, she had cared and sorrowed like a mother. Strong and rugged men shed tears when they saw she had wrapped her in her own scanty apron, and striven with her embracing arms to preserve the warmth of vitality, even after the cherished spirit had fled away. The glazed eyeballs were strained, as if, to the last, they had been gazing for her father's roof, or the wreath of smoke that should guide her there.

Sweet sisterly love! so patient in all adversity, so faithful unto the end, found it not a Father's house, where it might enter with the little one, and be sundered no more? Found it not a fold whence no lamb

can wander and be lost? a mansion where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying? Forgot it not all its sufferings for joy at that dear Redeemer's welcome, which, in its cradle, it had been taught to lisp —"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

THE END.

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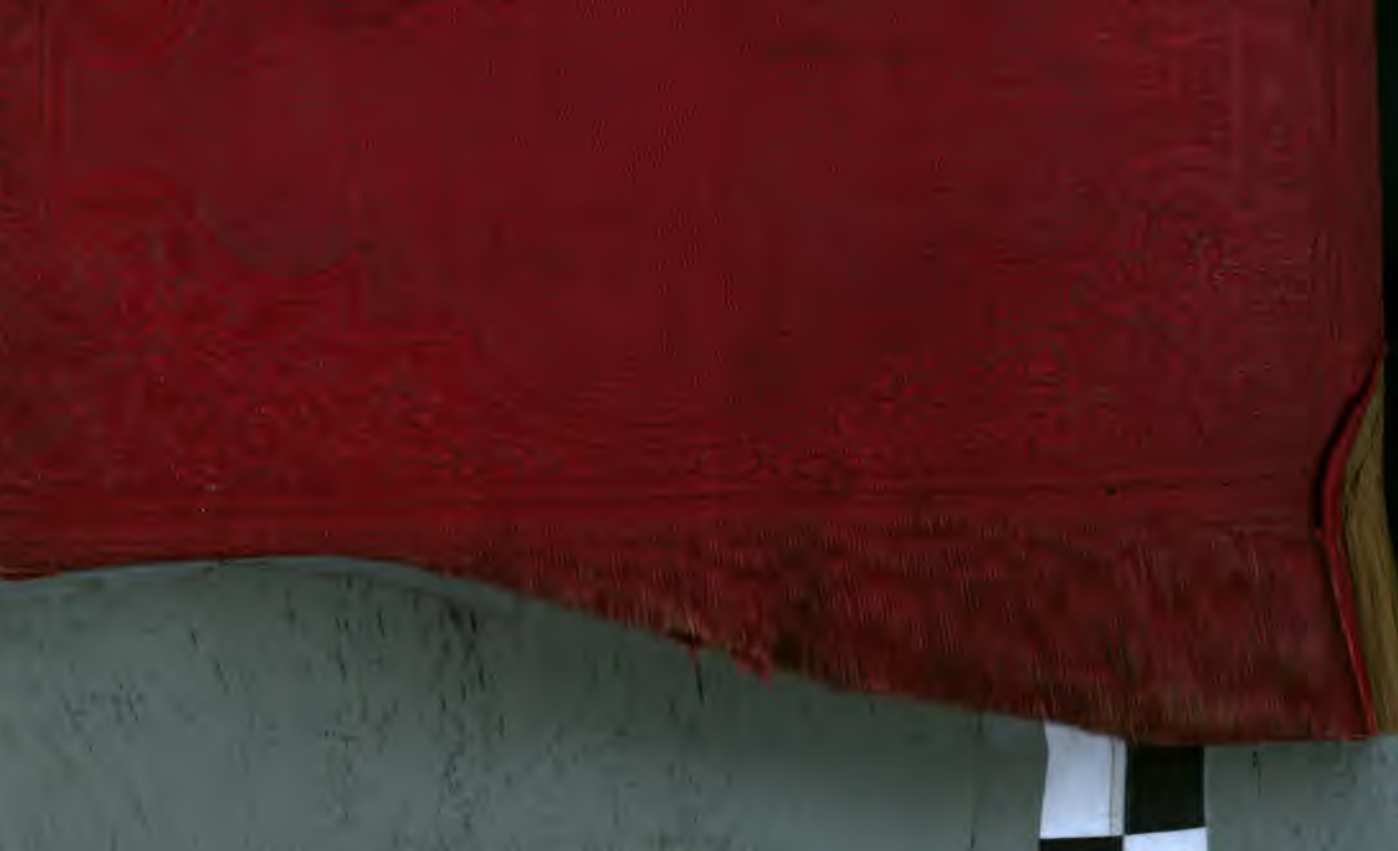
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The memory of our lost ones who are sleeping,
Where silently the dews of heaven are weeping.
In memory's glass each dear familiar face
Unchanged by time distinctly we can trace.